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# ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

NO 18  
APRIL

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in this  
ISSUE:

HALLS of HORROR  
The ZOMBIE SUMMONS  
PHANTOM PIRATE  
...and other  
THRILLERS!







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# GIVEN

## PREMIUMS - CASH



BOYS  
GIRLS

ACT  
NOW

MAIL  
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Electric Record Players, Candid Cameras with carrying cases (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. Simply Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. 56th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. B-27, Tyrone, Pa.

# GIVEN - GIVEN

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Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE beautiful art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. C-27, Tyrone, Pa.

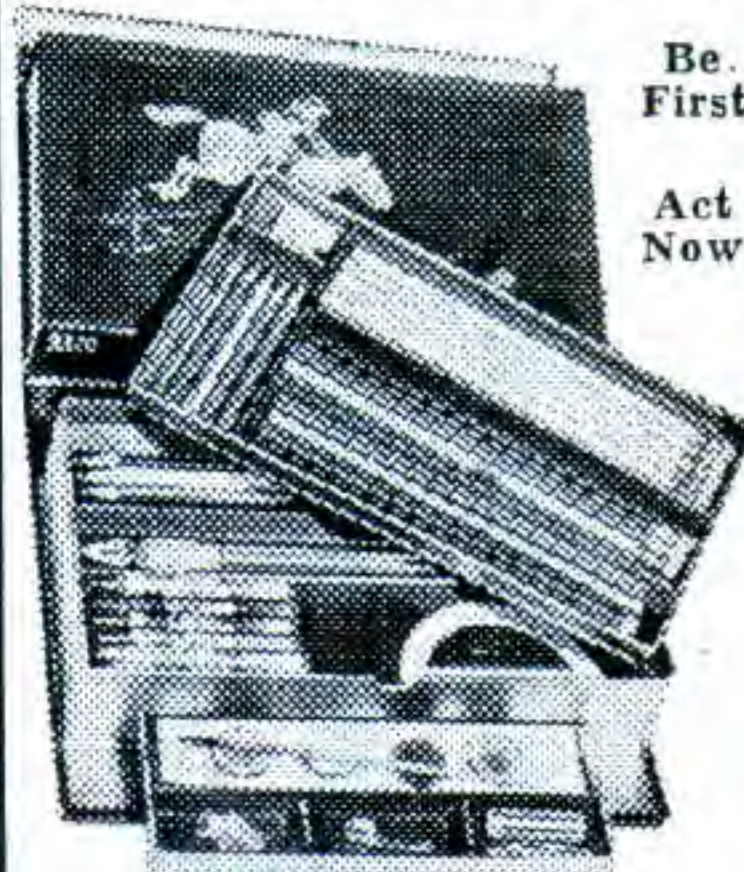


OUR  
56th  
YEAR

Mail  
Coupon

# GIVEN

## PREMIUMS - CASH



Be  
First

Act  
Now

Girls! Boys! Send No Money Now. We Trust You. School Boxes, 3 Pc. Pen & Pencil Sets, Billfolds (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 56th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. D-27 Tyrone, Pa.

# PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH



BOYS  
GIRLS

MAIL  
Coupon  
NOW

Our  
56th  
Year



WE ARE RELIABLE

Radios, Wrist Watches, Ukuleles, Cub Fishing Outfits (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 56th year.

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LADIES

MEN

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Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

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St. \_\_\_\_\_ R.D. \_\_\_\_\_ Box \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_  
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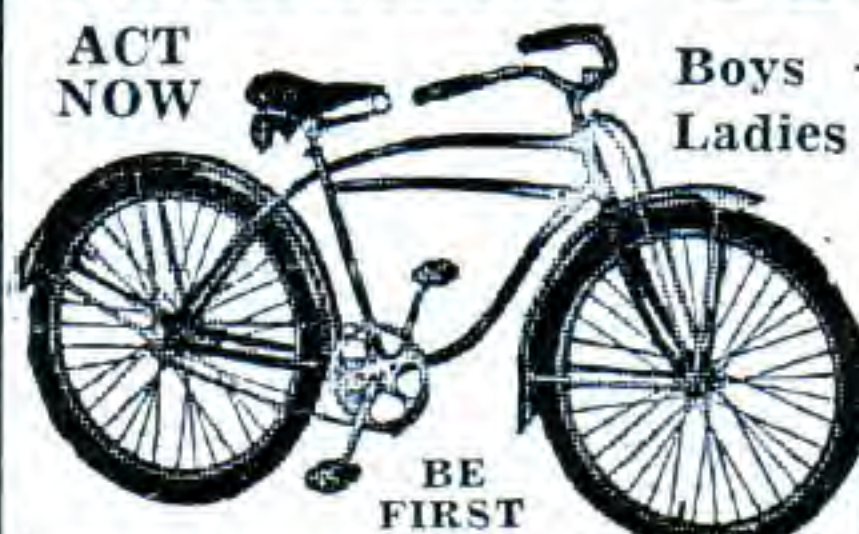
Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

# Premiums - GIVEN - Cash

ACT  
NOW

Boys - Girls  
Ladies - Men

OUR  
56th  
YEAR



BE  
FIRST



Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Latest model Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 56th year. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. E-27, TYRONE, PA.

# GIVEN - GIVEN

## Premiums - Cash Commission



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BOYS  
GIRLS

ACT NOW

Daisy Air Rifles with tube of shot, Regulation Footballs, Flashlights, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 56th year. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. G-27, Tyrone, Pa.



MAIL COUPON NOW



# The HALLS of HORROR

MANY PEOPLE HAVE HEARD OF ZOMBIES -- BUT FEW MEN HAVE UNDERGONE THE RAW TERROR OF LEARNING HOW THESE *CREEPING UNDEAD* WIN FREEDOM FROM THE GRAVE! THIS IS THE HAUNTING STORY OF A MAN WHO FOUND OUT-- AND DOOMED HIMSELF TO THE CLUTCH OF ENDLESS MIDNIGHTS IN **THE HALLS OF HORROR!**



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY JEAN'S BEEN WORRYING EVER SINCE HER UNCLE, FRED OWENS, WAS SENT TO AFRICA TO COLLECT PYTHON SKINS! I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TALK HER OUT OF IT-- EVEN BY MENTIONING FRED'S REPUTATION AS A VETERAN BIG GAME HUNTER!



HI THERE, HONEY! GLAD TO SEE ME?

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS HOW MUCH, VIC! BUT YOU'D BETTER COME AROUND TO THE BACK DOOR--THE MASONS HAVE JUST FINISHED THE NEW FRONT WALK, AND THE CEMENT WILL NEED DAYS TO DRY!





WHAT'S WRONG, JEAN -- HAVEN'T YOU HAD ANY NEWS FROM YOUR UNCLE FRED?

THAT'S JUST IT -- A LETTER CAME TODAY! AND IF YOU **STILL** THINK I OUGHT TO SHRUG OFF MY FEELING OF UNEASINESS ABOUT HIM -- **MAYBE YOU'D BETTER READ IT!**



"... I KNOW YOU'LL THINK IT INCREDIBLE -- BUT I HAPPENED TO MENTION **O. B.** WHEN I STOPPED OFF AT A SMALL VILLAGE SEVERAL DAYS AGO FOR SUPPLIES! THE PEOPLE CHATTERED WITH FRIGHT -- AND THE WITCH DOCTORS FLUTTERED AROUND ME WITH THEIR HIDEOUS MASKS -- JABBERING WORDS THAT MAY HAVE BEEN EITHER A CURSE OR A BLESSING..."



**O. B.!**  
WHO'S THAT?

I NEVER MET HIM, AND I DON'T KNOW HIS FULL NAME -- BUT **HE'S** THE MAN WHO HIRED UNCLE FRED TO GO TO AFRICA FOR THE PYTHON SKINS! KEEP READING, VIC -- THE **REST** IS WHAT REALLY HAS ME WORRIED!



"...MAYBE IT SOUNDS CRAZY TO RUN INTO MENTION OF **O. B.** HERE -- BUT THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED SINCE THEN MAKE ME WONDER WHETHER I AM ENTIRELY SANE! I WAS LYING IN MY TENT THE OTHER NIGHT -- TRYING TO FORGET THE SWELTERING HEAT THAT THROBBED LIKE A TOM-TOM IN THE DARKNESS..."



"...AND THEN I FELT SOMETHING LIGHTLY STROKE MY HAND -- ALMOST LIKE A STIRRING BREEZE -- AND YET ALMOST SEEN IN THE HUMID GLOOM! "

IT **COULDN'T** HAVE BEEN A DREAM! SOMETHING MOVED -- SOMETHING ACTUALLY **TOUCHED** ME!

"WHAT WAS IT I SAW? A SHAPE--A THING--A PRESENCE? I'LL NEVER KNOW -- BUT I **DO** KNOW WHAT HAD HAPPENED! "



MY RING!  
IT'S TAKEN THE RING **O. B.** GAVE ME!

"THAT WAS THE BEGINNING, JEAN! AND NOW I'M SURE I'M BEING WATCHED -- WATCHED BY THINGS THAT SLITHER THROUGH THE JUNGLE -- EVERY TIME I SPOT A PYTHON! "





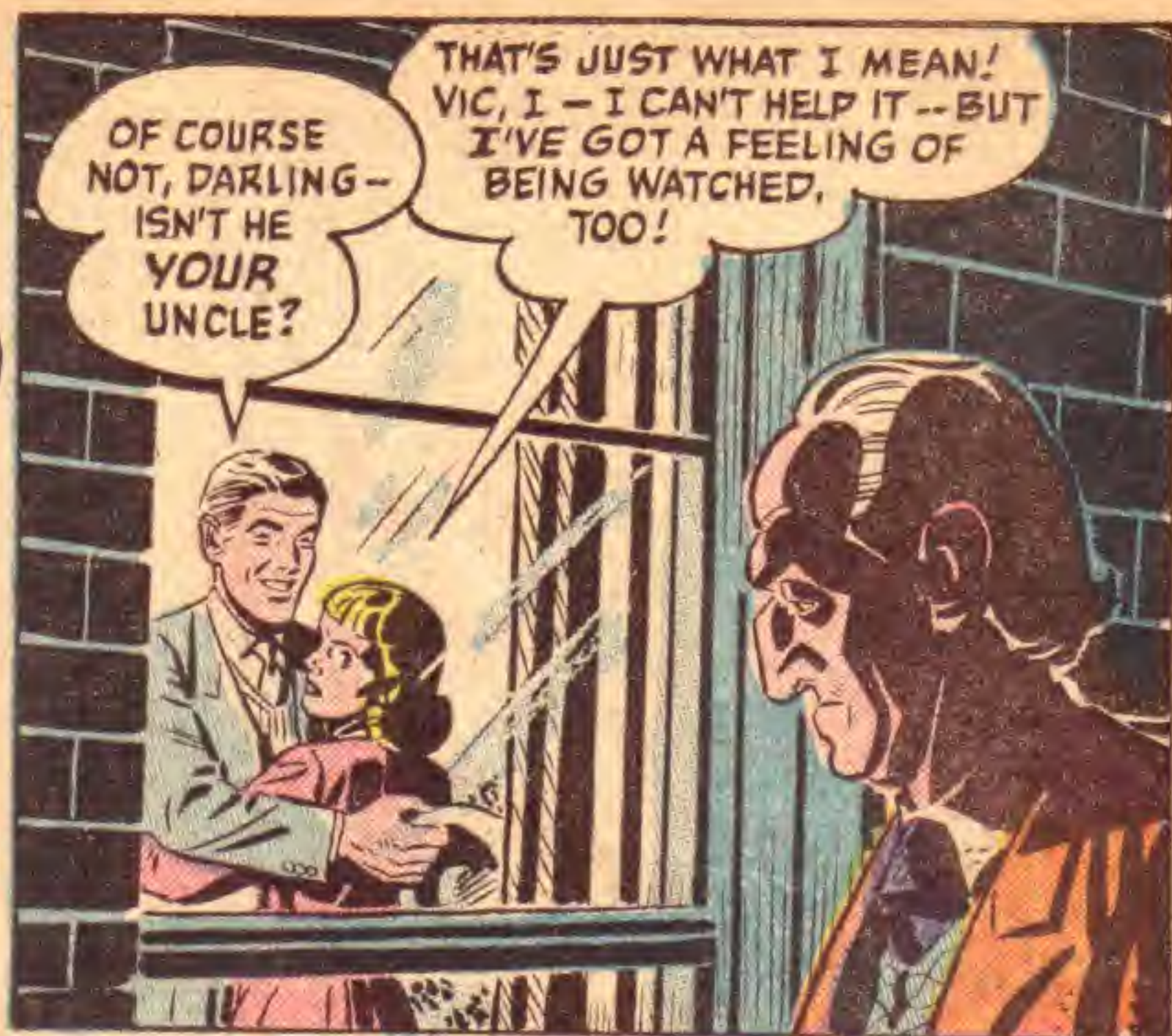
"... I KNOW YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I DON'T GIVE UP THIS BLASTED EXPEDITION, JEAN! BUT IT'S COSTING O.B. THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TO GET THESE PYTHON SKINS-- AND WHAT WOULD HE THINK IF I QUIT BECAUSE OF FIENDS NO SANE HUMAN WOULD EVEN MENTION?"

VIC-- FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, TELL ME THE TRUTH! DO YOU THINK UNCLE FRED IS OUT OF HIS MIND?



OF COURSE NOT, DARLING-- ISN'T HE YOUR UNCLE?

THAT'S JUST WHAT I MEAN! VIC, I -- I CAN'T HELP IT -- BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING OF BEING WATCHED, TOO!



SOON AFTERWARD...

PYTHONS--PHANTOMS LURKING IN THE JUNGLE--AND A RING THAT DISAPPEARS AT MIDNIGHT! FOR ALL I KNOW, FRED OWENS IS MAD AS A HATTER-- AND YET THERE ARE ONE OR TWO THINGS I DON'T KNOW! WHO'S THIS O.B.-- AND WHY IS HE SO ANXIOUS TO SQUANDER THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS FOR PYTHON SKINS-- WHEN HE CAN PICK THEM UP FOR NEXT TO NOTHING RIGHT HERE IN NEW YORK?



THAT NIGHT -- AS JEAN STIRS RESTLESSLY IN THE PULSING DARKNESS--

I'VE GOT TO SLEEP... I'VE GOT TO FORGET ABOUT UNCLE FRED -- AND THE JUNGLE CRAWLING WITH EVIL AND CRAWLING WITH PYTHONS...



OHHH!



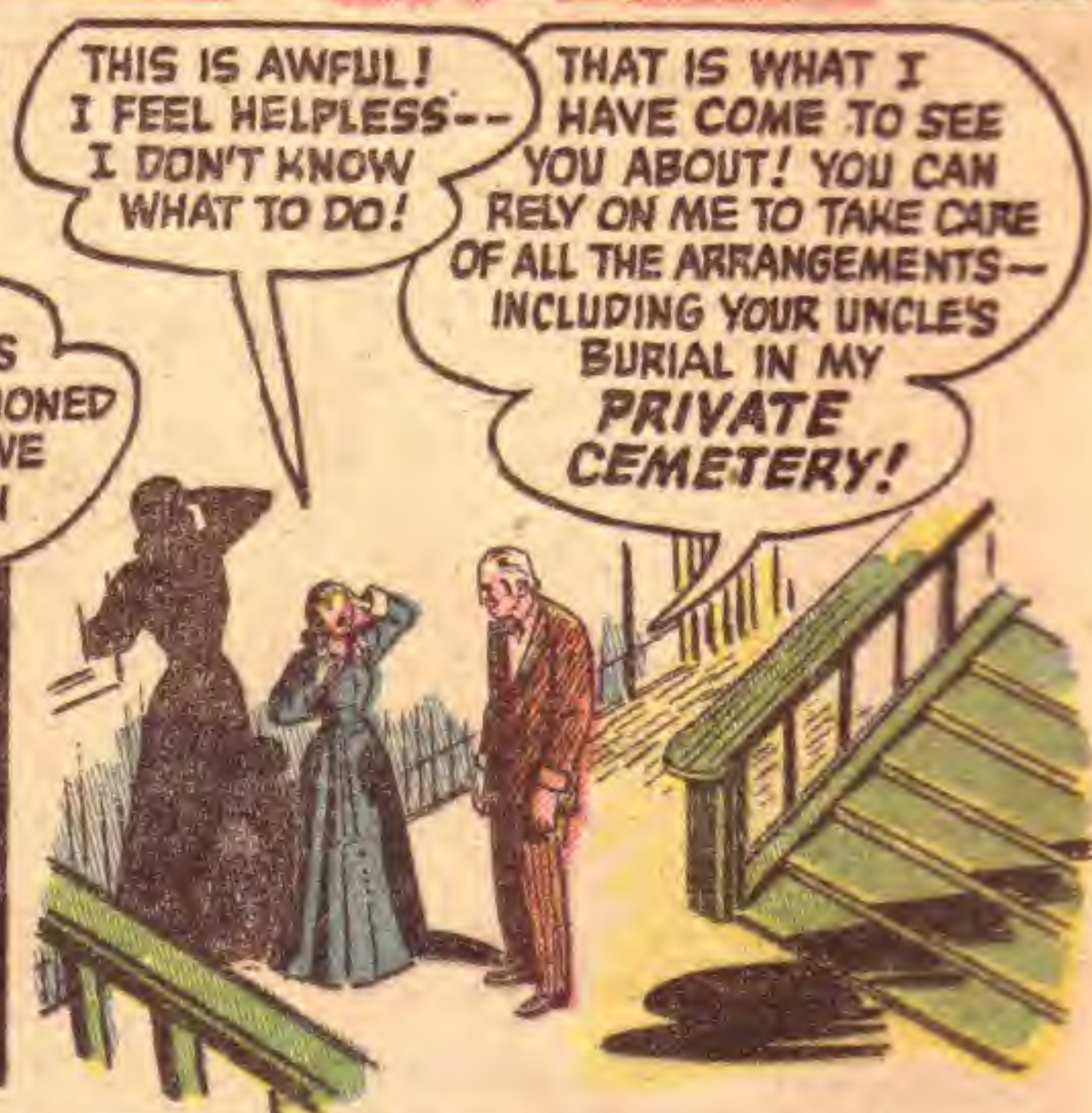
IT'S NOTHING -- JUST THE SHADOW OF THE RIPPLING CURTAIN -- BUT MAYBE THAT'S THE VERY WAY UNCLE FRED STARTED IMAGINING THINGS!



WHO'S TO SAY IT DOESN'T BEGIN WITH FEAR? IF I WERE TO LET MY FEELING THAT THERE'S SOMETHING OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR GET HOLD OF ME -- IF I WERE TO HOLD MY BREATH, EXPECTING IT TO OPEN --









SHOCKING AS THE MESSAGE WAS -- AT LEAST IT CLEARED UP **ONE** THING! SOMEHOW, UNCLE FRED'S LETTERS MADE ME WONDER ABOUT O.B. -- NEVER SUSPECTING IT WOULD TAKE A **BURIAL** TO SHOW ME WHAT A **WONDERFUL** PERSON HE IS!

YOU MEAN HE OFFERED TO **BURY** YOUR UNCLE? JEAN -- I'VE GOT A CLIPPING I'D LIKE YOU TO READ!

ED DAILY HERALD  
**VAGRANT'S BODY SAVED FROM POTTER'S FIELD**

The public benefactor who chooses to mask his good deeds behind the initials O.B. has again saved the body of a homeless wanderer from an unmarked grave -- by providing decent burial in his private cemetery on Hazard Hill.

I HATE TO BRING IT UP, HONEY -- BUT DON'T YOU SEE SOMETHING STRANGE IN O.B.'S GENEROSITY IN PROVIDING GRAVES? TIE IT IN WITH HIS WILLINGNESS TO SPEND THOUSANDS FOR A FEW PYTHON SKINS -- AND FRED'S SUDDEN DEATH AFTER LEARNING SOMETHING ABOUT O.B. IN AFRICA -- AND IT **DOESN'T LOOK GOOD!**

THE WHOLE THING DOES SEEM QUEER -- BUT AFTER ALL, THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF PERSON O.B. IS! I FELT IT LAST NIGHT, WHEN HE WALKED IN THE FRONT DOOR WITHOUT KNOCKING --

OH! THE -- FRONT DOOR!

JEAN -- WHAT'S **WRONG?** YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF!

THE NEW SIDEWALK! THE CEMENT HASN'T SET YET -- **BUT O.B. DIDN'T LEAVE FOOTPRINTS!**

THAT **CONVINCES** ME WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! WE CAN'T GO DIRECTLY TO O.B., BECAUSE IF HE IS INVOLVED IN SOME KIND OF UNHOLY BUSINESS, OUR SUSPICIONS WILL MERELY MAKE HIM COVER UP! AND WE CAN'T CALL IN THE POLICE -- A STRING OF WILD SUSPICIONS AND EVEN WILDER EVIDENCE WOULD JUST BE LAUGHED OFF! THAT LEAVES ONLY ONE COURSE -- AND YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME **HANDLE IT BY MYSELF!**





NO, VIC -- PLEASE!  
DON'T LEAVE ME  
ALONE -- DON'T  
LEAVE ME IN DOUBT!  
WHATEVER YOU  
HAVE IN MIND --  
TAKE ME  
WITH YOU!

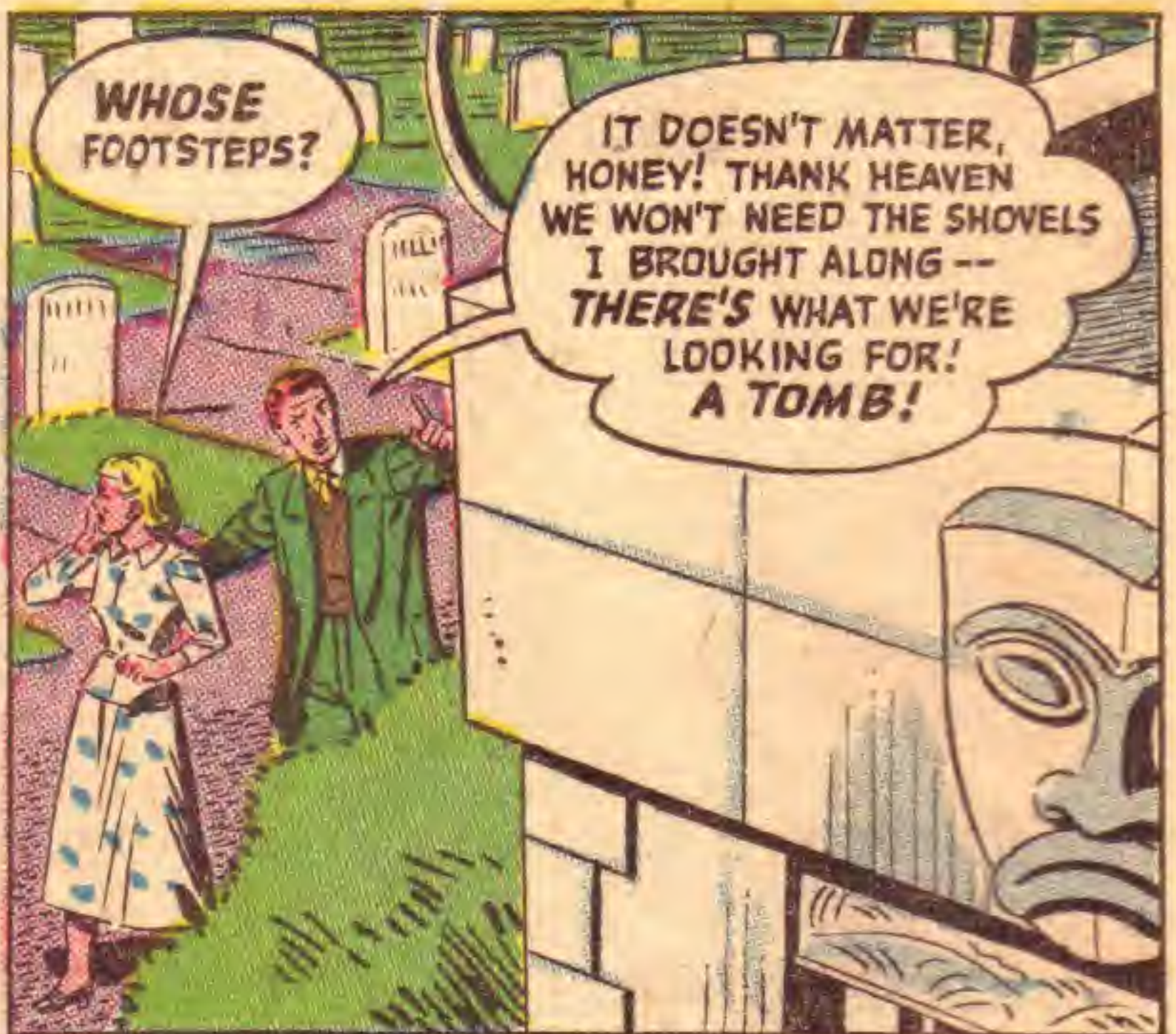
IT WON'T BE EASY,  
JEAN! O.B. SAYS  
HE BURIED YOUR  
UNCLE -- AND  
I WANT TO SEE  
THE BODY!

THAT NIGHT -- WATCHED BY A CREEPING MOON -- JEAN  
AND VIC DRIVE TO THE CEMETERY ON HAZARD HILL!



ANYWAY -- IT'S A  
FAR BETTER-KEPT  
CEMETERY THAN  
I EXPECTED TO  
FIND! EVEN THE  
GRASS AROUND  
THE GRAVES  
HAS BEEN  
CAREFULLY  
TRIMMED!

YES -- THE GRAVES OF  
HOMELESS MEN WHO HAD  
NEITHER FRIENDS NOR  
RELATIVES WHO'D VISIT  
THEIR LAST RESTING  
PLACE! AND YET THAT  
GRASS HASN'T BEEN  
TRIMMED, JEAN -- IT'S  
BEEN WORN DOWN --  
BY FOOTSTEPS!



WHOSE  
FOOTSTEPS?

IT DOESN'T MATTER,  
HONEY! THANK HEAVEN  
WE WON'T NEED THE SHOVELS  
I BROUGHT ALONG --  
THERE'S WHAT WE'RE  
LOOKING FOR!  
A TOMB!

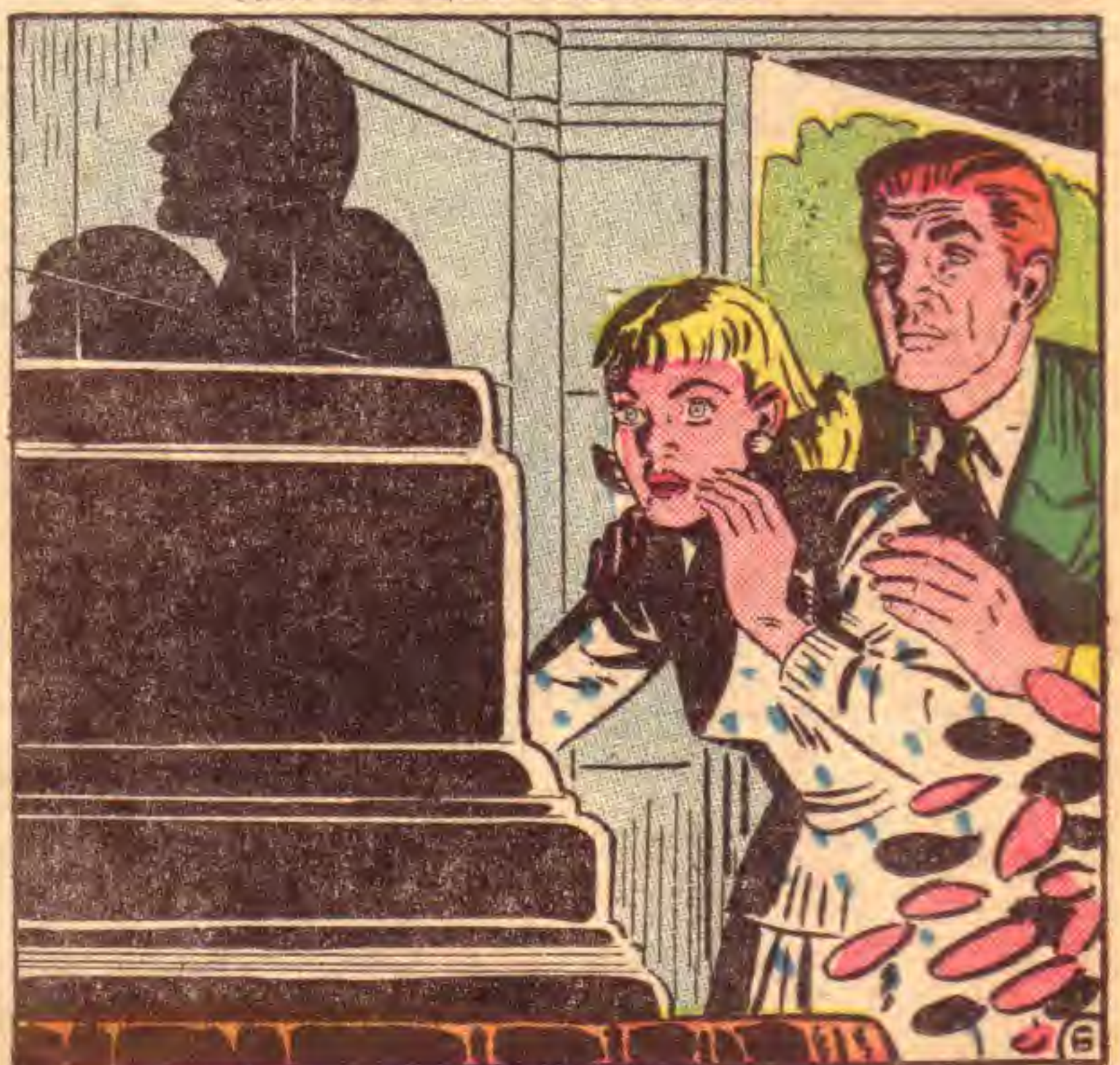
THEN -- WITH SLOW STEPS TOWARD A COLD  
AND UNSEEN PRESENCE --



JEAN --  
SUPPOSE  
YOU LEAVE  
THIS PART  
TO ME?

NO, VIC! IT WAS  
DIFFERENT WHILE  
I TRIED TO GUESS HOW  
UNCLE FRED DIED -- IT  
SCARED ME! BUT NOW  
SOMETHING TELLS ME HE  
WAS MURDERED -- AND  
UNTIL I FIND THE PERSON  
OR THING BEHIND IT --  
I WON'T BE  
AFRAID!

FRED OWENS



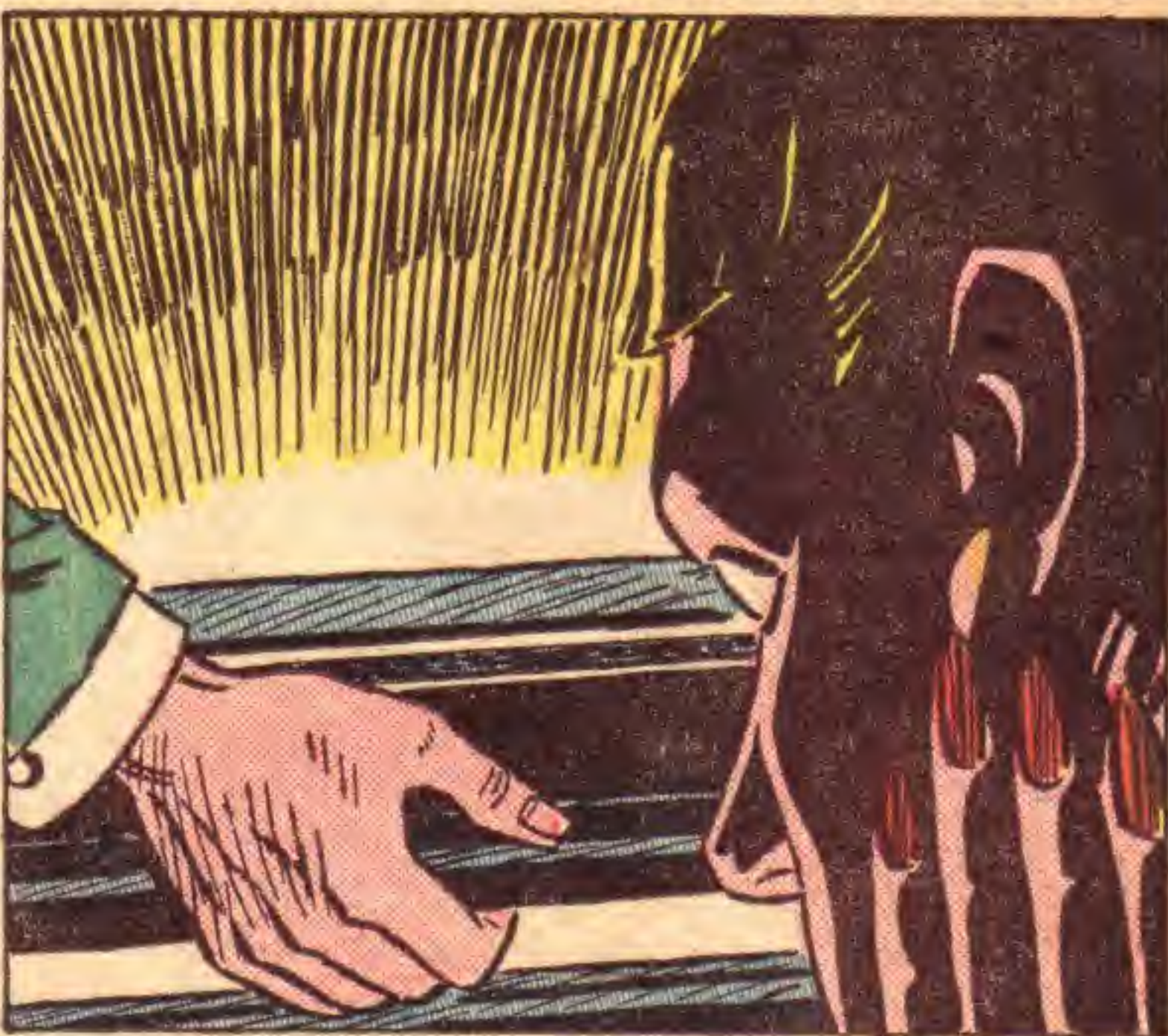




I KNOW IT'S A HORRIBLE STRAIN, VIC -- ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO GO AHEAD WITH IT?

IT'S NOT THAT -- I'M JUST WISHING YOU HADN'T COME ALONG! GET A GRIP ON YOUR NERVES, HONEY -- BECAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING IN THIS COFFIN!

FOR A SECOND, EVERYTHING SEEMED MOTIONLESS ON HAZARD HILL -- EVERYTHING BUT THE POLISHED LID OF DEATH -- INCHING UPWARD IN THE GLOOM!



SUDDENLY -- IN A WRITHING ERUPTION OF HORROR --

OHH!

HISSSS!



WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE -- BUT WE'RE NOT LEAVING HAZARD HILL -- NOT UNTIL I'VE LEARNED THE ANSWER TO THAT!

A MOMENT LATER -- AS JEAN REVIVES --



THERE'S AN OVERPOWERING FEELING OF EVIL ABOUT THIS PLACE -- SOMETHING THAT MAKES THE ENTIRE GRAVEYARD QUIVER!

HONEY, I THINK YOU'VE SEEN ENOUGH! YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME BRING YOU TO THE CAR!

NO -- NOT AT THIS STAGE! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS -- I'VE GOT TO SEE IT THROUGH!





THE WINDING ROAD BELOW SEEMED ALIVE IN THE MOONLIGHT -- CREEPING WITH A STRANGE, RIPPLING MOTION!



GOOD HEAVENS!  
IT'S LIKE A SNAKE--  
A HUGE PYTHON  
WITH GLEAMING  
SCALES!

TAKE A CLOSER  
LOOK, JEAN! THEY'RE  
THINGS I JUST SAW  
CREEP FROM THE GRAVES--  
AND THEY'RE PLODDING  
TOWARD THAT  
HOUSE!

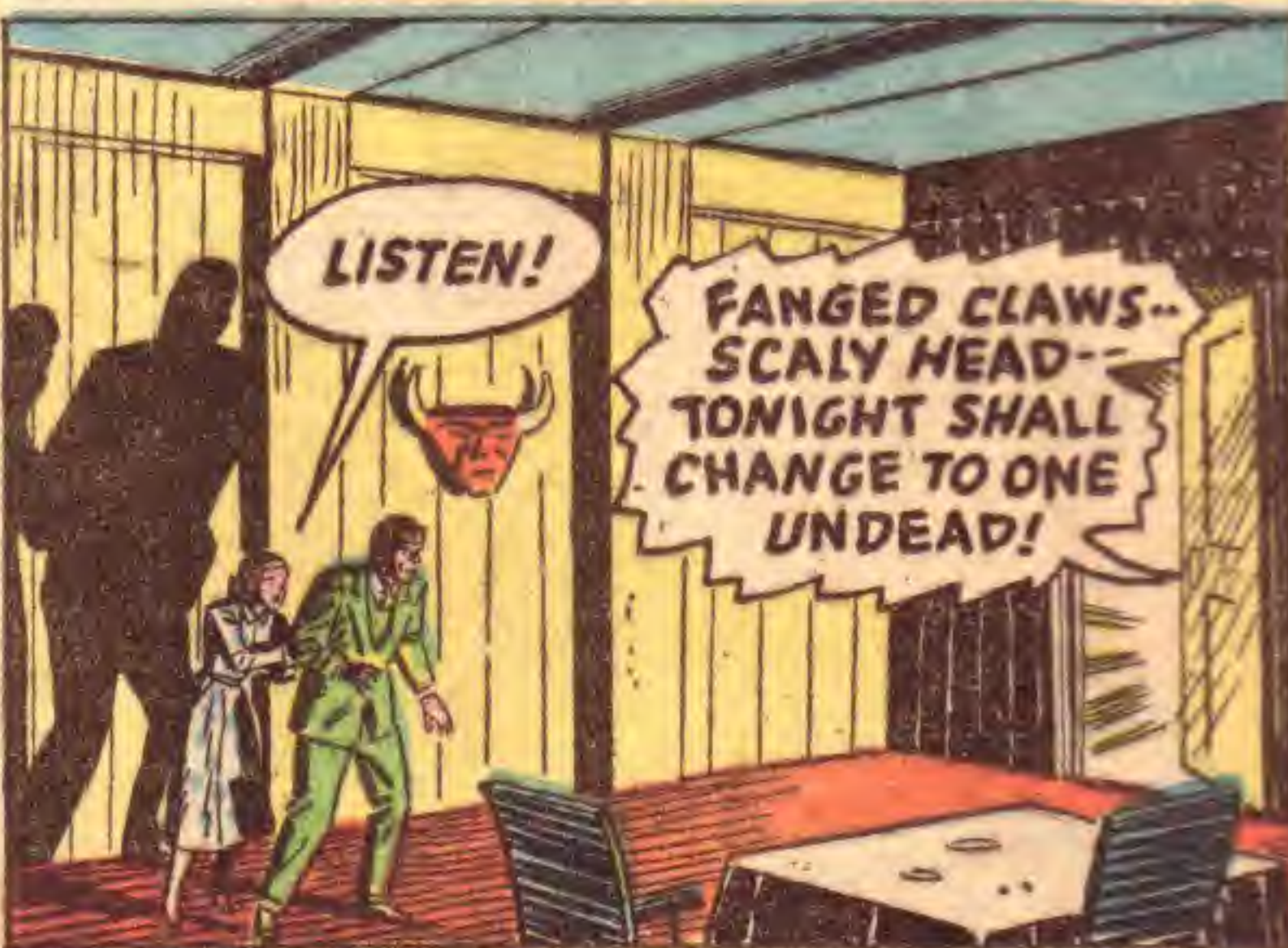


MINUTES LATER, JEAN AND VIC STEP INTO THE  
MUFFLED HALLS -- HALLS THAT SEEM TO HUDDLE  
OVER A GRISLY SECRET -- HALLS OF HORROR!



WE DON'T HAVE TO  
WONDER **WHOSE**  
HOUSE IT IS -- OR  
WHY HE PROVIDED  
A RESTING-PLACE  
FOR **THEM**!

NO -- THERE'S  
NOTHING TO WONDER  
ABOUT BUT WHAT THAT  
FIEND **D.B.** DID TO  
UNCLE FRED--AND  
**I'M FINDING  
OUT!**



LISTEN!

FANGED CLAWS--  
SCALY HEAD--  
TONIGHT SHALL  
CHANGE TO ONE  
UNDEAD!



GOOD  
HEAVENS!

EASY, SWEETHEART!  
REMEMBER WHAT YOU  
SAID -- WE'RE GOING  
TO SEE **THIS**  
THROUGH!

HAH! NOW YOU KNOW  
WHAT THE **PYTHON** MEANS  
IN THE WORLD OF THE **UNDEAD**,  
FRED OWENS! THE SPIRITS OF  
THE **PYTHONS** YOU KILLED  
JOIN THE SPIRITS OF  
THOSE HUMANS I BURIED--  
AND BECAME **ZOMBIES**--  
**SLAVES OF THE  
CULT OF OBI!**





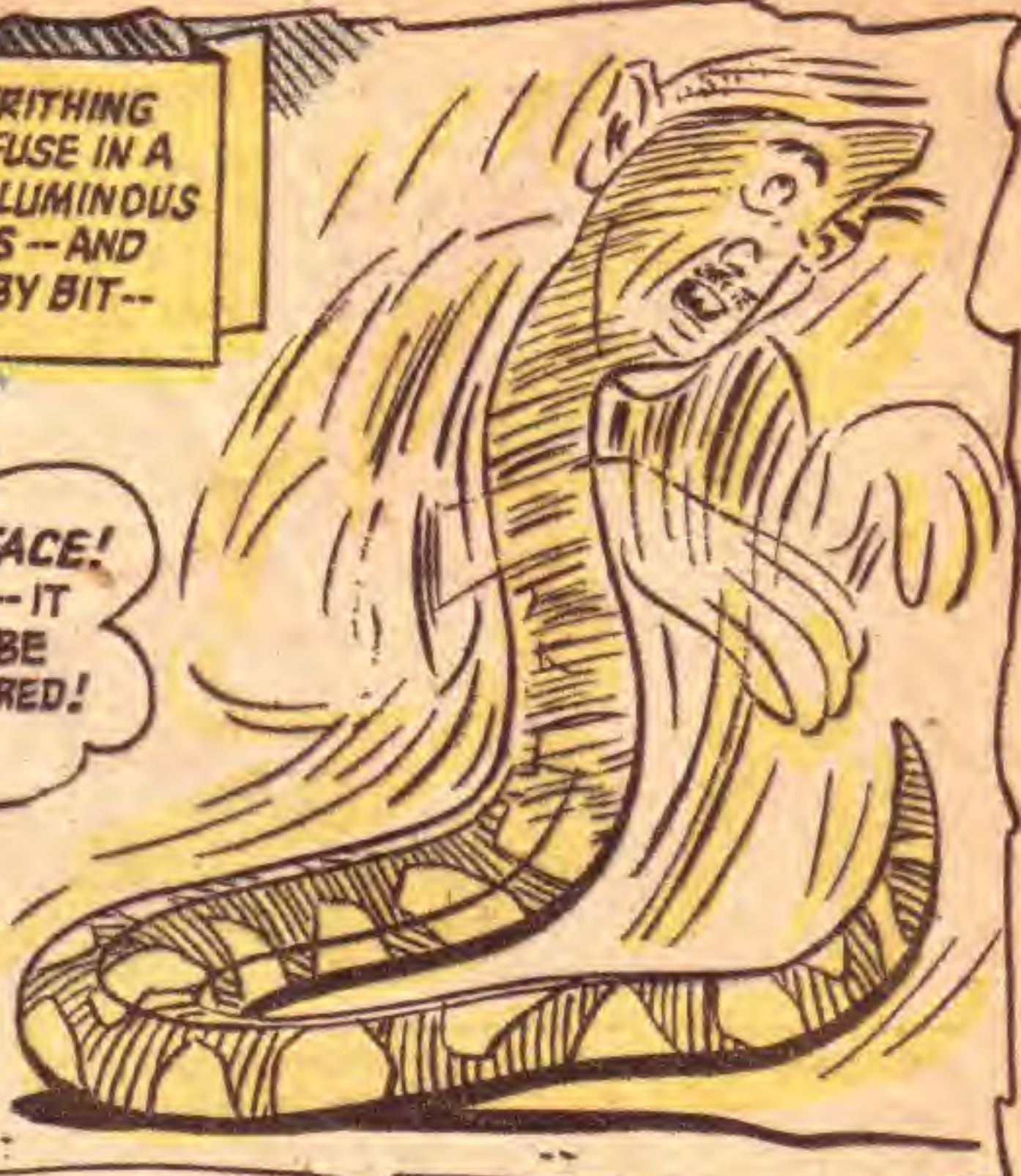


OBI! GOOD LORD, JEAN--THOSE AREN'T INITIALS--THAT'S HIS NAME!

VIC-- THE SNAKE! SOMETHING HORRIBLE IS HAPPENING-- IT'S CHANGING SHAPE!

THE WRITHING COILS FUSE IN A SINGLE LUMINOUS MASS--AND BIT BY BIT--

THAT FACE! NO--NO--IT CAN'T BE UNCLE FRED!



MY RING... MY RING...

AH, YES -- THE RING I GAVE YOU WHEN YOU LEFT FOR AFRICA! THE STONE IS **SERPENTINE**-- THE ONE THING THAT COULD PROTECT YOU FROM THE ZOMBIE SPIRITS OF THE PYTHONS YOU HUNTED! BUT YOU FOUND OUT TOO MUCH, FRED OWENS-- YOU LEARNED WHAT MY NAME MEANS IN AFRICA--AND THEN CAME THE NIGHT WHEN YOU LOST THE RING!

THAT INHUMAN FIEND! I CAN'T JUST STAND HERE AND LISTEN, JEAN -- I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

BUT THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO -- AGAINST THEM! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, VIC-- THINK OF WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST!



THIS TIME YOU'RE LOSING THE RING, YOU CREEP!

POW!

WILL YOU LET THE FOOL CHALLENGE THE POWER OF THE UNDEAD? GET HIM -- GET THE RING!

COME ON, JEAN--BEFORE THEY HEAD US OFF IN THE FRONT HALL!







THEY'RE FOLLOWING US, VIC! THANK GOODNESS WE'VE GOT THE CAR!

I DIDN'T GRAB THE RING MERELY WITH THE IDEA OF ESCAPING, JEAN! IF THOSE FIENDS ARE GOING TO BE STOPPED, IT'S GOT TO BE NOW -- IN THE GRAVE-YARD!

WITH THE WAVE OF TERROR CLOSING IN --



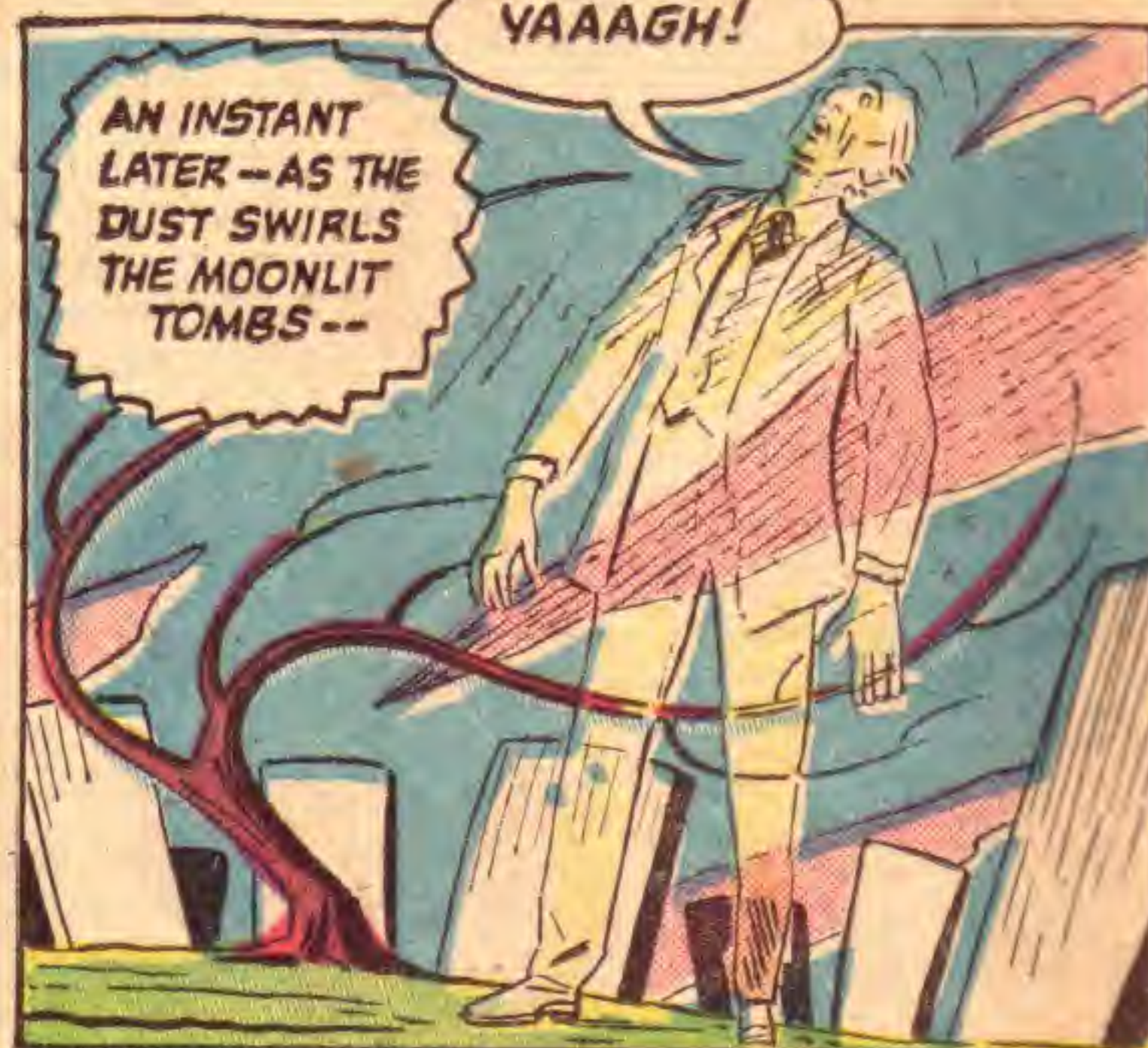
O.B.'S LEADING THEM THROUGH THE GATE! WHAT WILL WE DO, VIC -- HOW WILL WE GET OUT OF HERE?

DIDN'T O.B. SAY THAT SERPENTINE IS A TALISMAN AGAINST ZOMBIES? I'M GOING TO TAKE A CHANCE, AND SMASH IT TO POWDER --



-- AND THEN SCATTER IT OVER THE GRAVES THOSE THINGS SHOULD BE LYING IN!

NO--NO! YOU'LL DESTROY THE VERY AIR I BREATHE-- MY HEART BEAT-- MY LIFE!



YAAAGH!

AN INSTANT LATER -- AS THE DUST SWIRLS THE MOONLIT TOMBS --



PLEASE, VIC-- LET'S TRY TO REACH THE CAR! I-I CAN'T WATCH THIS!

THERE ISN'T MUCH LEFT TO WATCH, HONEY! O.B.'S POWER ENDED WHEN HE DID--AND THE ZOMBIES ARE RETURNING TO THEIR GRAVES FOREVER!

MINUTES LATER -- AS THE PEACE OF UNENDING SLEEP SETTLES OVER HAZARD HILL --

UNCLE FRED RETURNED TOO, VIC! IT--IT'S HARD TO PUT INTO WORDS -- BUT IT'S ALMOST AS WONDERFUL AS FINDING HIM ALIVE!

I'M GLAD YOU FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT IT, HONEY -- BECAUSE AS HORRIBLE AS FRED'S DEATH WAS -- IT FINALLY BROUGHT PEACE TO THE SPIRITS O.B. SUMMONED IN THE NIGHT!



THE END



# "True" GHOST TALES

## CASE of the GHOST BAT

ONE OF THE STRANGEST PHANTOMS EVER TO BE SEEN BY MORTAL EYES WAS THE ONE WHICH SWOOPED PAST YOUNG RUBY MOXEY IN THE EAST END OF LONDON AS SHE OPENED HER DOOR IN ANSWER TO A KNOCK...



A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE HOUSE WAS MADE, BUT WHEN NO TRACE OF THE STRANGE BAT WAS FOUND, THE WHOLE MOXEY HOUSEHOLD WENT TO SLEEP...UNTIL RUBY AWOKE AT 2 O'CLOCK AND FOUND THAT THE BAT HAD ALIGHTED ON HER SISTER'S FACE!



RUBY'S SCREAM AWOKE THE HOUSEHOLD, AND HER FATHER AND BROTHER THEN BEGAN A CHASE OF THE BAT WHICH FLITTED FROM WALL TO WALL, UNTIL IT APPARENTLY BECAME EXHAUSTED AND FELL ONTO THE DRESSING TABLE!



I CAUGHT IT... LOOK AT IT STRUGGLING!

TIE A LEADEN WEIGHT AROUND THE TOWEL AND THROW THE WHOLE THING INTO A PAIL OF WATER... THE BAT WILL BE DEAD INSIDE OF A MINUTE!



THERE... THAT'S THE END OF THAT BAT!

BUT THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE TOWEL WAS TAKEN OUT OF THE WATER...

LOOK... THE BAT'S GONE!

IT... IT MUST HAVE BEEN A GHOST BAT... AND ITS APPEARANCE CAN ONLY HAVE BEEN AN EVIL OMEN!



SURE ENOUGH, WITHIN A WEEK, THE DAUGHTER ON WHOSE FACE THE BAT HAD SETTLED WAS DEAD... OF UNKNOWN CAUSES... A GRIM VICTIM OF THE GHOST BAT!





# DEMON, EXPERIENCED

ENOCH SAWYER walked briskly down the center aisle of the hardware store he owned, nodding with satisfaction to himself at the sight of his two grown daughters and adolescent son quailing as he passed. He knew they considered him a tyrant, and hated him for having worked their mother to death...but Enoch also knew that the beatings he'd given them had broken their will so that they would never dare defy him.

That was why they had never objected when he'd taken each of them out of school at the earliest legal age and put them to work in the store from nine in the morning to nine at night. Nor had they ever dared dissent when he'd taught them how to cheat the customers, how to short-change them and sell them inferior merchandise at outlandish prices. Money was all Enoch cared for and lived for...and his sly, cunning practices in the store had made him rich. And now he was expanding, adding another department to his store...which was why he'd put the ad in this morning's classified column of the town's newspaper.

Seated in his office at the rear of the store now, Enoch unfolded the newspaper and looked for his ad. There it was...*"Demon, experienced, must know how to handle people."* Yes, he'd have to be a demon worker...nothing less would satisfy Enoch. He'd have to learn to lie, to cheat...to do such things as demonstrate sharp can-openers, made of the finest steel, while selling house-

wives substitute can-openers which were dull and made of the cheapest tin. Yes, it would be very profitable...*very* profitable.

"What's the pay...how many *souls*?" a strangely hollow voice suddenly said.

Enoch whirled around in his chair...and shuddered with loathing at the sight that met his eyes. But in a moment, his iron nerves had reasserted themselves, and Enoch said sternly, "I don't know how you got in here without my seeing you, or why you're wearing that horrible mask and silly costume...but you'd better get out before I call the police!"

The hollow voice was filled with menace this time: "You mean you want to get rid of me after making me come all that distance from *The Unknown*? Your ad said you were looking for a *demon*...and here I am! All I want to know is how many souls you'll pay me for whatever work you want done..."

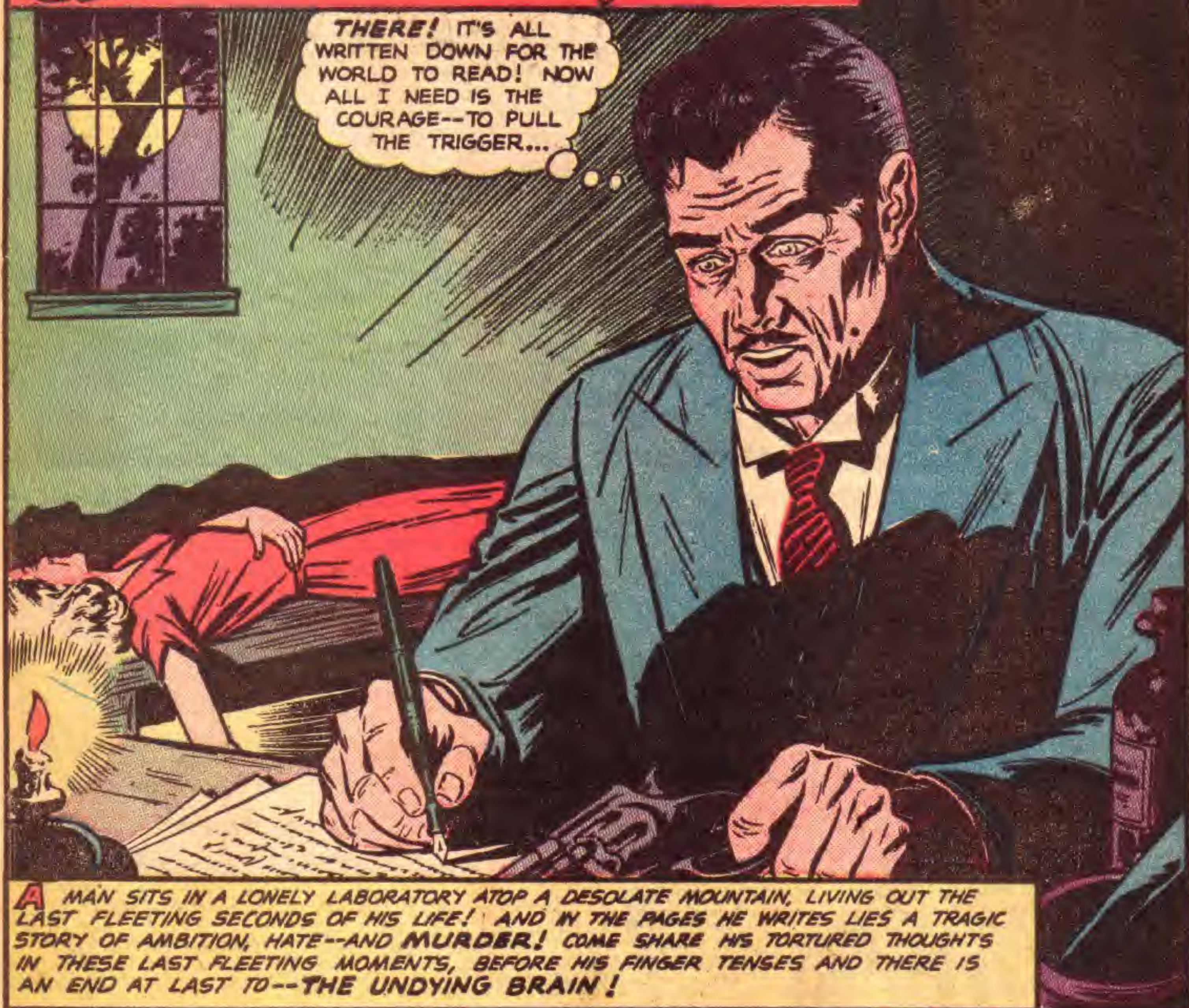
"This is ridiculous," Enoch sputtered. "This isn't France...I don't pay my workers with sous, if that's what you mean! And I'd certainly never hire anyone who wore such a repulsive mask and costume...so *get out!*"

A moment later, Enoch's children heard a piercing, agonizing, almost inhuman scream coming from the office in the rear. But by the time they got there, it was too late...for Enoch looked as if a thousand knives had shredded his body in a fiendish search for the mean and evil soul within!



# The UNDYING BRAIN

THERE! IT'S ALL WRITTEN DOWN FOR THE WORLD TO READ! NOW ALL I NEED IS THE COURAGE--TO PULL THE TRIGGER...



A MAN SITS IN A LONELY LABORATORY ATOP A DESOLATE MOUNTAIN, LIVING OUT THE LAST FLEETING SECONDS OF HIS LIFE! AND IN THE PAGES HE WRITES LIES A TRAGIC STORY OF AMBITION, HATE--AND MURDER! COME SHARE HIS TORTURED THOUGHTS IN THESE LAST FLEETING MOMENTS, BEFORE HIS FINGER TENSES AND THERE IS AN END AT LAST TO--THE UNDYING BRAIN!

THE EERIE TALE BEGAN BACK IN 1930, WHEN JOHN HARLEY, BRILLIANT YOUNG BRAIN SURGEON, ANSWERED A STRANGE MIDNIGHT CALL...

GLAD YOU'RE HERE AT LAST! THE SECRETARY HAS BEEN VERY ILL!

THIS WILL BE QUITE A FEATHER IN MY PROFESSIONAL CAP-- ATTENDING A CABINET MEMBER!

I HAVEN'T-- MUCH TIME LEFT, DOCTOR! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE WHAT I TELL YOU! AND I MUST HAVE YOUR OATH--THAT WHAT WE SAY IN THIS ROOM WILL REMAIN SECRET!

OF COURSE! BUT I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND...

YOU WILL-- WHEN I TELL YOU! BEFORE I DIE--YOU MUST OPERATE ON ME-- REMOVE MY BRAIN AND GIVE IT TO A MAN I WILL DESIGNATE! YOU UNDERSTAND-- MY BRAIN MUST NOT DIE WITH ME!





**SENSES REELING, JOHN HARLEY LISTENED AS THE DYING MAN UNFOLDED A WEIRD STORY...**

MY BRAIN--ISN'T THE SAME ONE I WAS BORN WITH! I GOT IT--AS A YOUNG MAN--FROM ONE WHO WAS DYING JUST AS I AM NOW! HE PASSED IT ON--AS I MUST DO! TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE LEGEND ABOUT THE--THE UNDYING BRAIN?

I REMEMBER SOMETHING--BUT ISN'T IT JUST A STORY OUT OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY?



**A LEGEND? HARDLY! THE BRAIN FIRST BELONGED TO A GREEK PHILOSOPHER NAMED AVATOS! ON HIS DEATHBED--**

HASTEN! AVATOS CANNOT LIVE MUCH LONGER!

THIS IS A DARING THING WE DO! MAY IT PLEASE THE GODS THAT THE BRAIN OF OUR OLD FRIEND LIVES ON IN ANOTHER BODY!



**THAT WAS IN 320 B.C.! AND THE BRAIN DIDN'T DIE! A HUNDRED YEARS LATER IT WAS IN THE POSSESSION OF A FAMOUS GREEK GENERAL...**

THE ENEMY IS ROUTED--IT'S ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY! YOU'RE THE GREATEST SOLDIER IN THE WORLD!

THANKS TO THE BRAIN! IF THEY ONLY KNEW--HOW I HOLD THE WISDOM AND LEARNING OF ALMOST TWO CENTURIES WITHIN ME!



DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES--THE BRAIN WAS PASSED! IT WAS NEVER--ALLOWED TO DIE! IT PASSED FROM SOLDIERS TO KINGS, TO LAWYERS, STATESMEN, ALL MEN WHO MADE HISTORY! IF ONLY--I HAD TIME TO TELL YOU THE NAMES--OF THE FAMOUS MEN WHO HAVE OWNED IT...

INCREDIBLE! BUT SOMEHOW I BELIEVE HIM!



**I'LL NEVER FORGET THE NIGHT I RECEIVED THE BRAIN! I WAS A YOUNG MAN, JUST STARTING IN POLITICS...**

IT'S TRUE! IT'S HAPPENING! SOON HE'LL OPERATE ON ME AND I'LL HAVE THE BRAIN--TO USE AS LONG AS I LIVE!



YES, IT'S MADE ME POWERFUL, FAMOUS! NOW I MUST KEEP--THE PROMISE I MADE--TO PASS IT ON--TO A YOUNGER MAN! I'LL TELL YOU HIS NAME, DOCTOR-- JUST BEFORE THE OPERATION

YOU MEAN I'M TO DO THE OPERATION? TRANSFER THE BRAIN TO A MAN YOU SELECT?

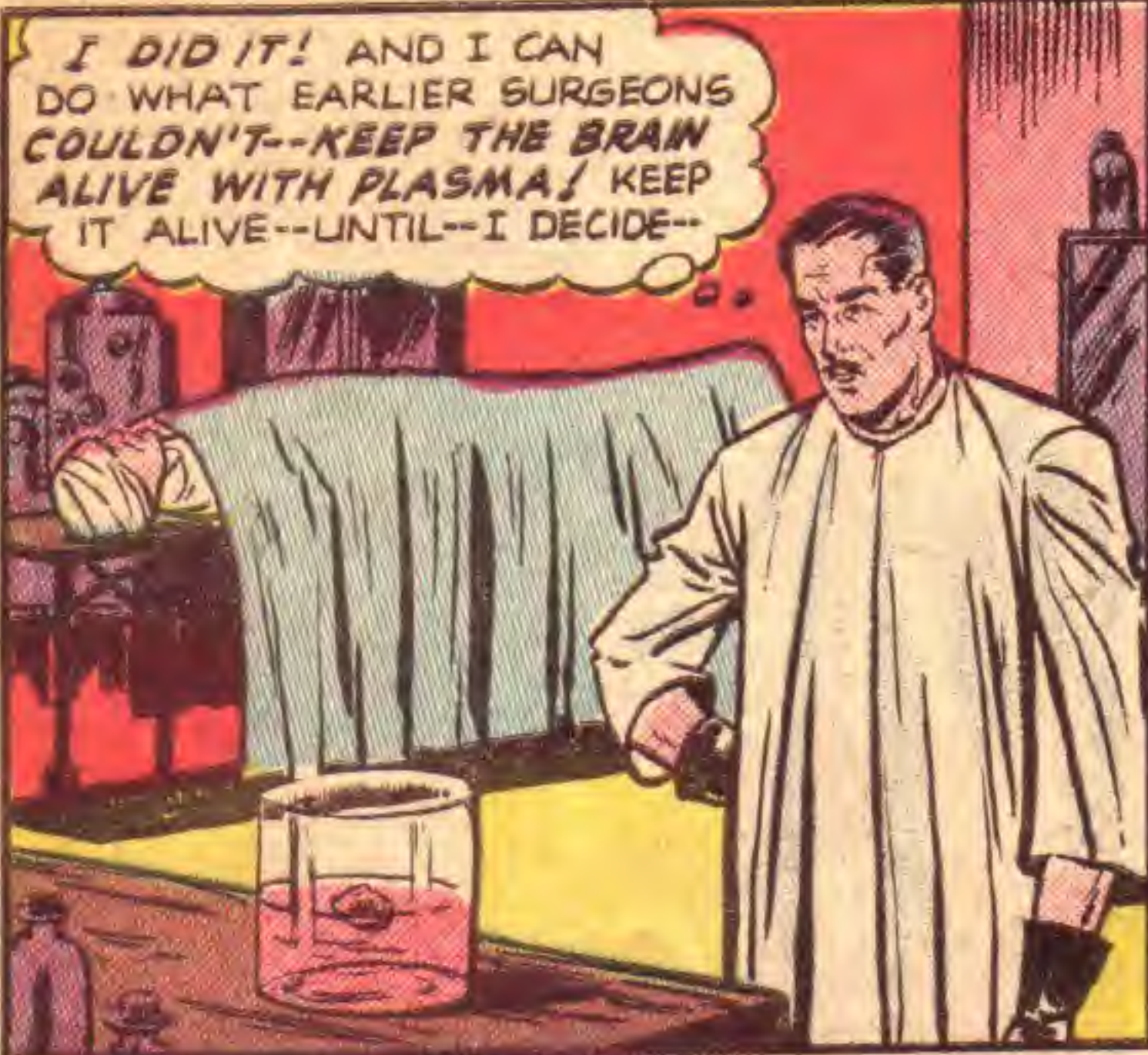


**YES! NOW HURRY--AND MAKE YOUR ARRANGEMENTS, HARLEY! THERE ISN'T--MUCH TIME! IF I DIE--BEFORE YOU OPERATE--THE BRAIN IS LOST FOREVER!**

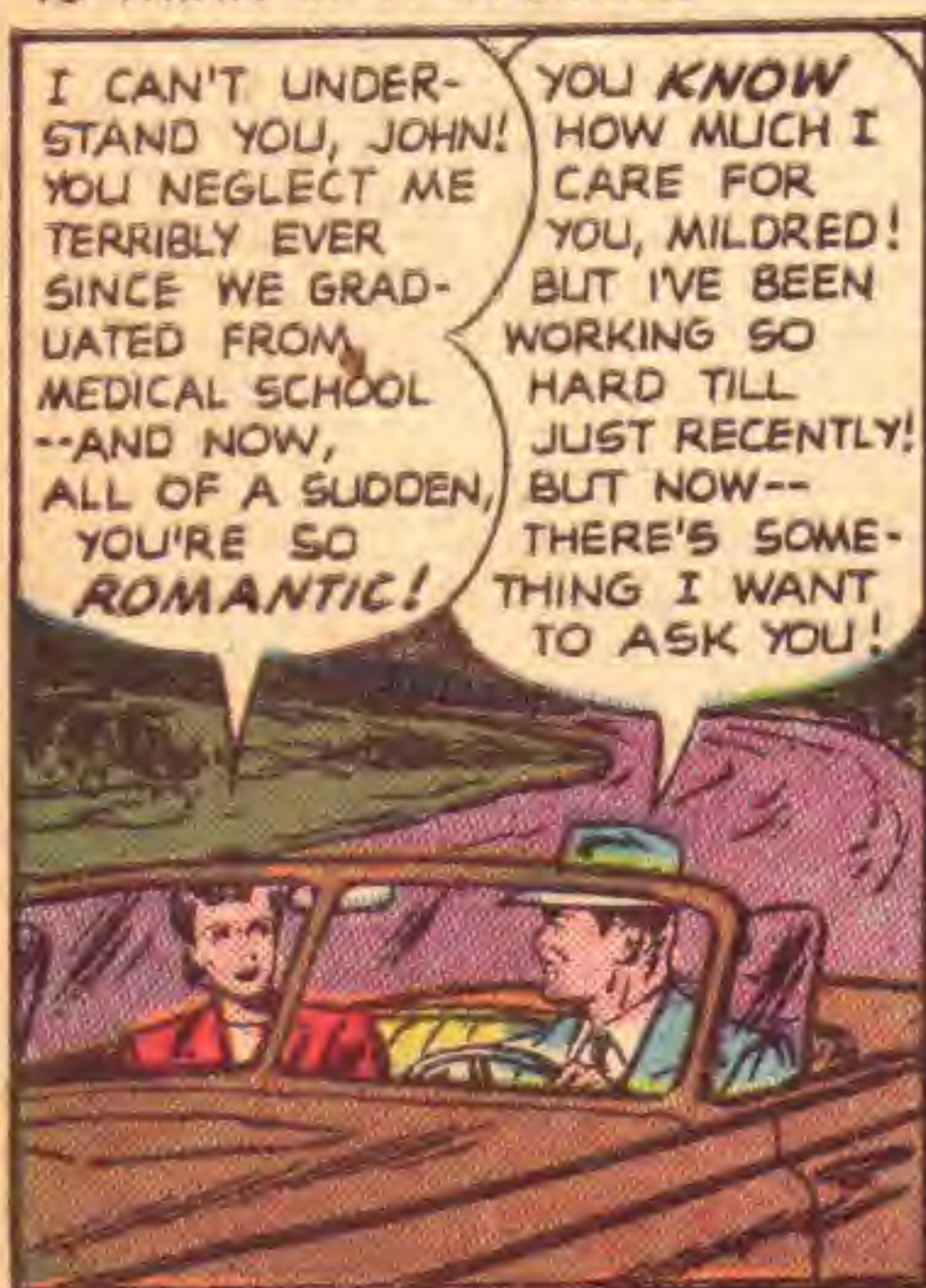




AND SO, TWO DAYS LATER, JOHN HARLEY SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED THE MOST IMPORTANT OPERATION OF HIS CAREER!



IT DIDN'T TAKE JOHN HARLEY LONG TO THINK OF A SCHEME...





AND SO, FINALLY, HARLEY CONVINCED HIS RELUCTANT WIFE! AS THEY APPROACHED HIS LONELY, MOUNTAIN-TOP LABORATORY--



THE OPERATION MUST BE TONIGHT, MILDRED! YOU WON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE!

NO, DARLING! I--I DON'T LIKE IT, BUT I'LL DO IT FOR YOUR SAKE! BUT I'M SO TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED--

THERE, MILDRED! THE RECORD I MADE FOR YOU! JUST LISTEN, DON'T GET FLUSTERED, AND EVERYTHING WILL GO PERFECTLY! YOU **MUST** SUCCEED!



Y-YES, JOHN!

"BE SURE YOUR CLAMPS ARE IN PLACE! NOW YOUR TOWEL CLIPS! THE DRILL SHOULD BE AT YOUR LEFT AND..."

GO ON A BARREN MOUNTAIN TOP, WHILE THE WIND WHISTLED EERILY THROUGH STARK PINES, A VALIANT WOMAN DID THE BIDDING OF THE MAN SHE LOVED! SHE PERFORMED ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL OPERATIONS--WHILE A MECHANICAL VOICE GRATED ON AND ON...



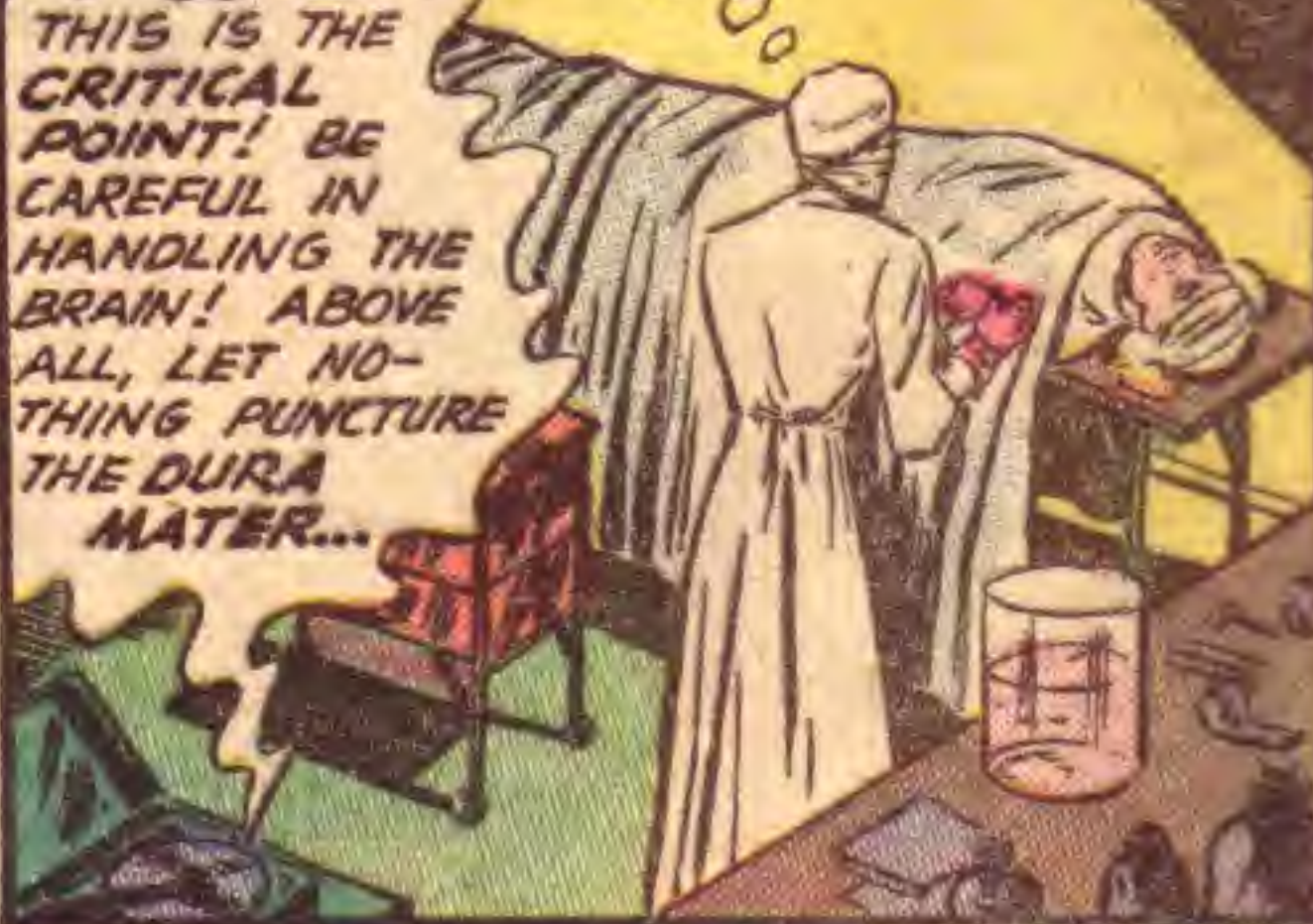
ALL R-RIGHT SO FAR!

THE INCISION MUST BE LIGHT, BUT FIRM! ARRANGE YOUR SPONGES AROUND THE TONSURE! READY WITH THE TREPAN... NOW...

WORKING LIKE AN AUTOMATON, MILDRED HARLEY WAS SOON READY TO PLACE THE CENTURIES-OLD BRAIN IN THE SKULL CAVITY OF HER HUSBAND...

A HALF THROUGH! BUT I'M SO--TIRED! MUSTN'T--MAKE A MISTAKE NOW!

THIS IS THE CRITICAL POINT! BE CAREFUL IN HANDLING THE BRAIN! ABOVE ALL, LET NOTHING PUNCTURE THE DURA MATER...



HOURS LATER--

YOU DID IT, MILDRED! I'VE GOT THE BRAIN! ME! ALL THE LEARNING AND EXPERIENCE OF 2000 YEARS--AND IT'S MINE TO USE!

YES, JOHN! I SUPPOSE WE MIGHT CALL THE OPERATION--A SUCCESS!

FOR HIM--NOT FOR ME! I KNOW NOW THAT HE NEVER LOVED ME! THIS WAS ALL HE EVER WANTED!



A MONTH PASSED--JOHN HARLEY WAS ALMOST WELL...

AT LAST! NOW WATCH ME MAKE THE WORLD ROLL OVER AND PLAY DEAD! WITH MY BRAIN, I CAN DO ANYTHING--BE ANYTHING!

HE'S--CHANGED ALREADY! LIKE A STRANGER! I--I'M AFRAID OF HIM SOME-TIMES!



YES--AND MILDRED HARLEY GREW STEADILY MORE AFRAID!

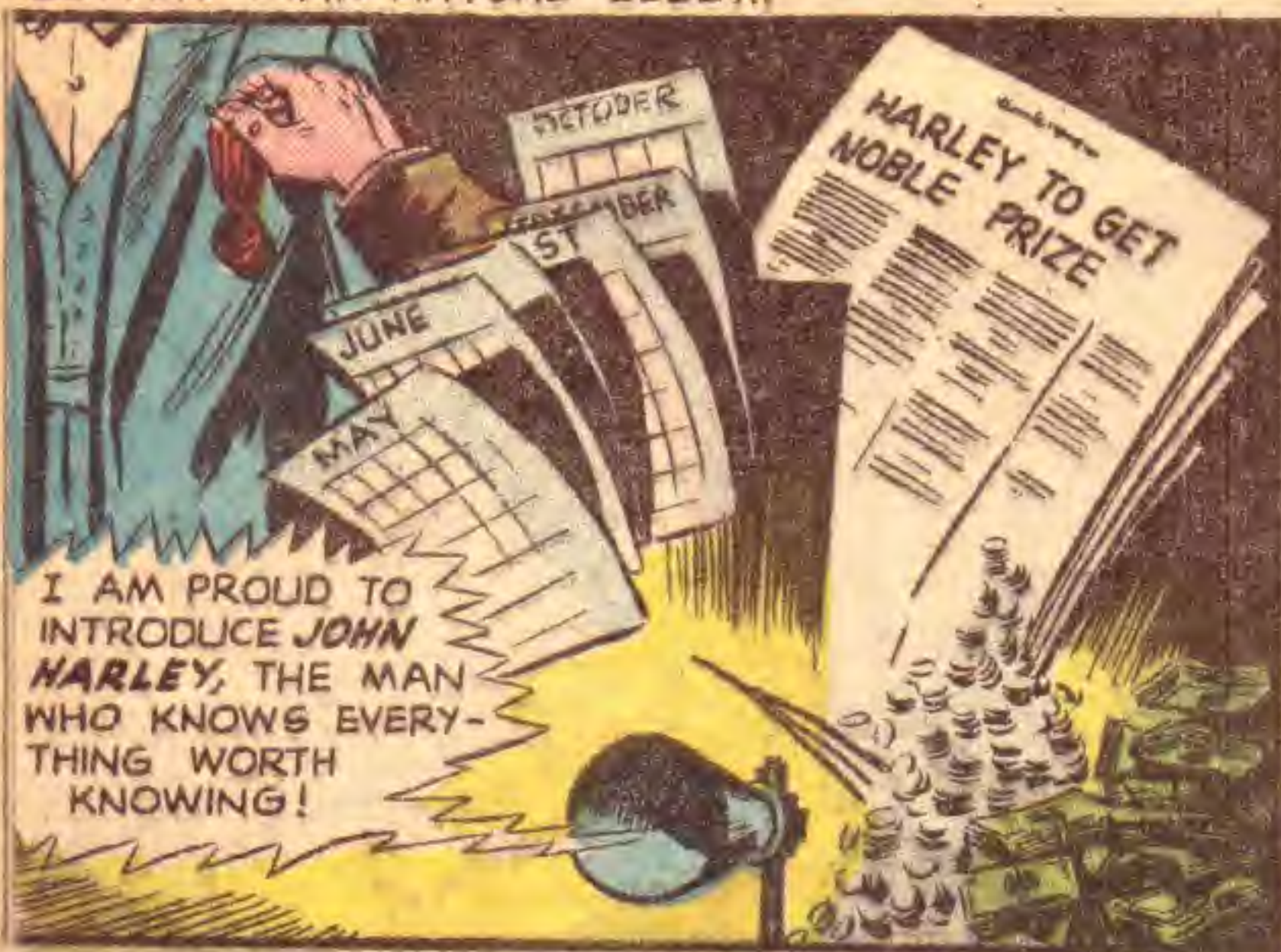
LEAVE ME ALONE! THE ARMY NEEDS THIS NEW STUDY OF LOGISTICS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE --AND I'M THE ONLY MAN THAT REMEMBERS HOW CAESAR SOLVED A SIMILAR PROBLEM! NOW GET OUT!

BUT YOU ARE A SURGEON, JOHN! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN? YOU'RE TRYING TO DO TOO MANY THINGS LATELY!





THE YEARS WENT BY AND THE NAME OF JOHN HARLEY WAS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD! THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERYTHING--WHO COULD DO ANYTHING BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE...



AND THEN ONE DAY, AFTER ALMOST TWENTY YEARS...

THE PRESIDENCY IS YOURS FOR THE TAKING, MR. HARLEY! WILL YOU BE OUR PARTY'S CANDIDATE?

I ACCEPT, GENTLEMEN! I ALWAYS KNEW I WOULD BE PRESIDENT SOME DAY! AFTER ALL--WHO IS BETTER FITTED FOR THE JOB?



THAT NIGHT...

I'M TO BE PRESIDENT AT LAST! THE ELECTION IS ONLY A FORM-ALITY, OF COURSE! I HAVE GREAT PLANS FOR THE COUNTRY--FOR THE WORLD!

JOHN--NO! I CAN'T LET YOU TAKE A POSITION THAT CAN SWAY NATIONS! YOU CAN'T EVER BE PRESIDENT!



WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, MILDRED? OF COURSE I'LL BE PRESIDENT! WITH MY BRAIN...

YES, YOUR BRAIN--YOUR MAD BRAIN! YOU'RE A BRILLIANT MADMAN--MAD WITH IN-SOLENCE, PRIDE, SUPERIORITY! I KNOW, JOHN, BECAUSE I...



IT WAS A FATEFUL SENTENCE--A SENTENCE MILDRED HARLEY NEVER FINISHED!

NO! DON'T--AHHHHHH!

HOW DARE YOU? YOU'RE JEALOUS OF THE BRAIN, THAT IS ALL! I'LL KILL YOU--KILL YOU!



WHAT HAVE I DONE--WHY COULDN'T I STOP MYSELF? IT COULDN'T BE WHAT SHE SAID--I'M THE SANEST MAN IN THE WORLD! BUT--BUT I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HER BODY--AND I THINK I KNOW HOW!



AND SO THE WORLD'S GREATEST THINKER RE-TURNED TO HIS LONG-DESERTED LABORATORY--

JUST THE PLACE TO DO WHAT I'VE GOT TO! STRANGE TO THINK THAT IT WAS JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO, ON THIS SPOT, THAT I FIRST GOT THE BRAIN!





STRANGE, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER THINGS AS WELL AS I USED TO! THAT FORMULA FOR ACID SHOULD BE HERE SOMEWHERE! IT DOESN'T LEAVE A TRACE OF FLESH OR BONE...

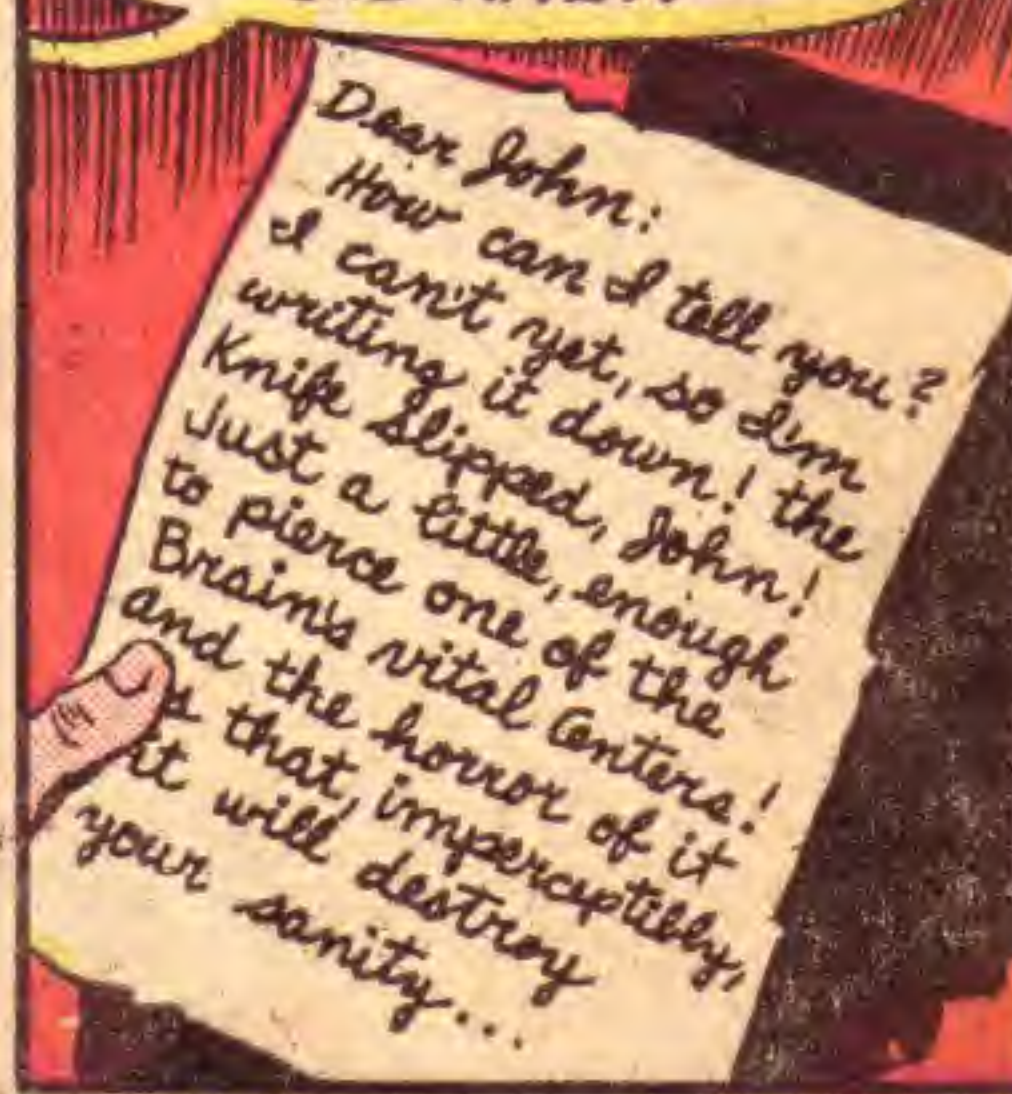


WHAT'S THIS? A NOTE IN MILDRED'S HANDWRITING--SOMETHING ABOUT THE OPERATION! I WONDER...



SLOWLY, AS JOHN HARLEY READ THE FADED SCRIPT--HIS BLOOD CHILLED WITHIN HIM!

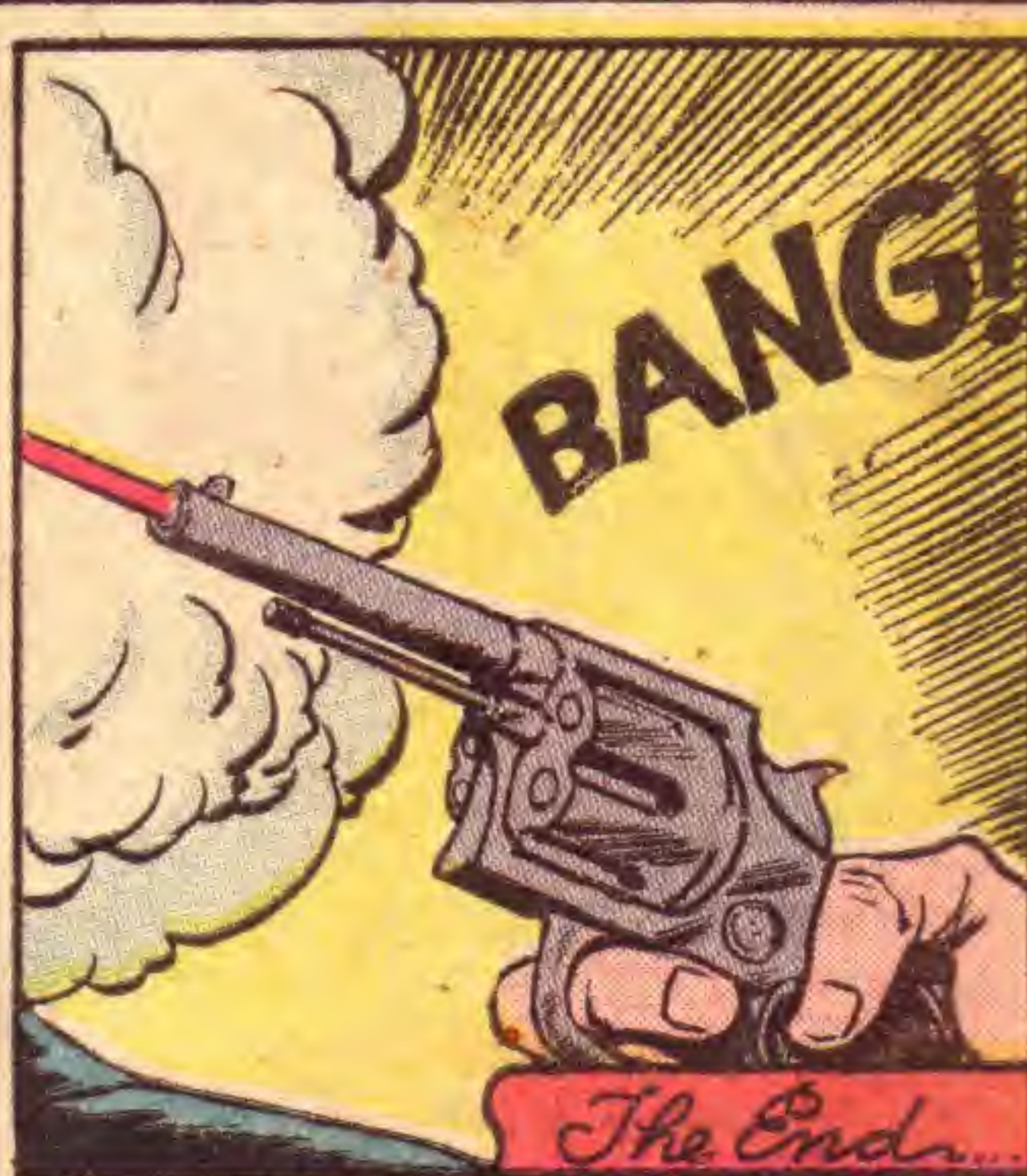
THAT'S WHAT SHE MEANT WHEN SHE SAID I MUST NEVER BE PRESIDENT! SHE KNEW-- SHE KNEW--



I'VE GOT ENOUGH MENTALITY LEFT TO KNOW THAT YOU WERE RIGHT, MILDRED--RIGHT! YES, I'M GOING MAD--SO MAD THAT I CAN NO LONGER RESTRAIN MY LUST FOR POWER! IF I LIVE, THE WORLD WILL SUFFER FROM MY AMBITION--SO THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO!

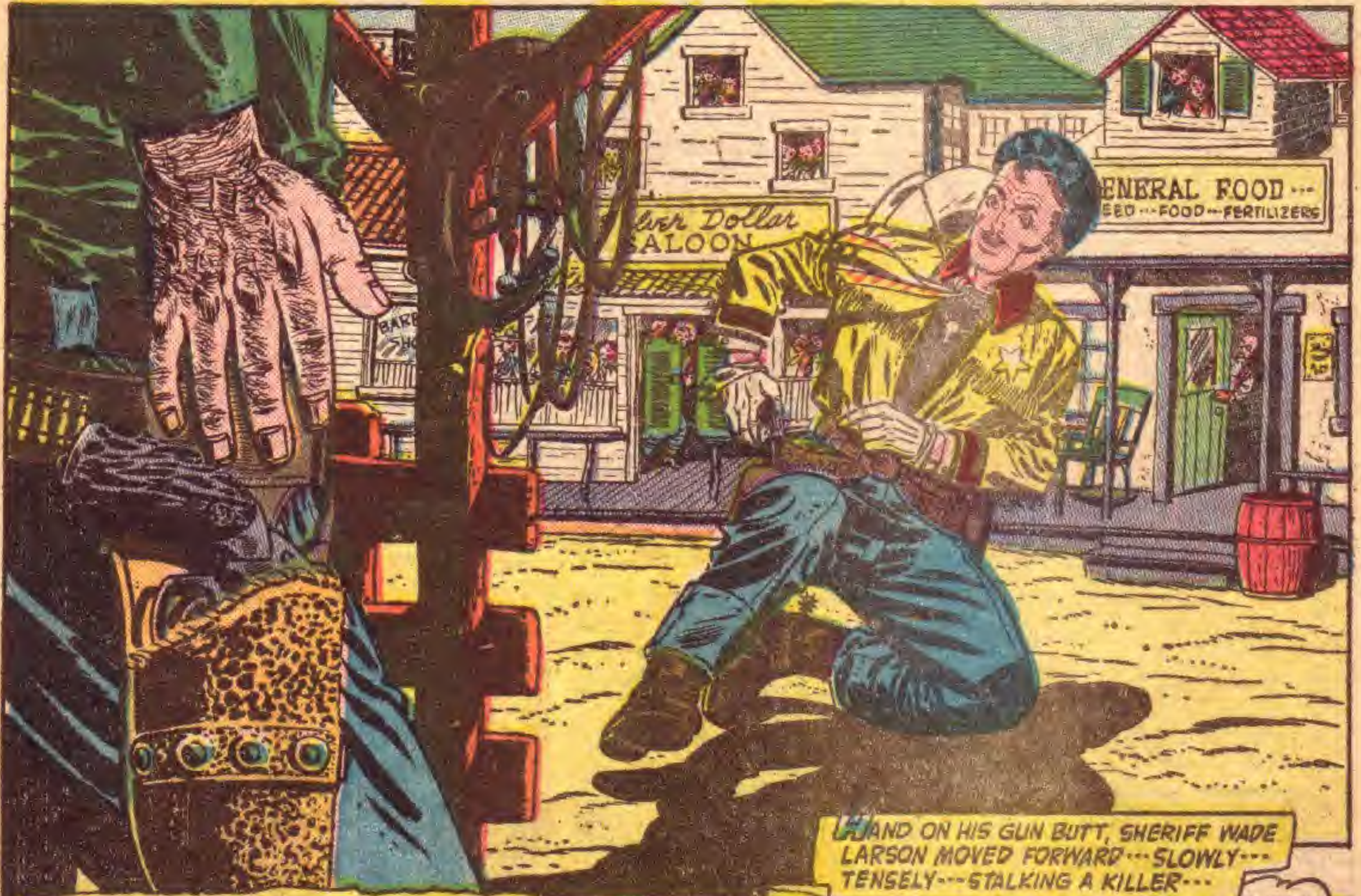


...SO THAT IS MY STORY, AND THE STORY OF THE BRAIN! I STOLE IT--AND I'M PAYING FOR MY CRIME!





# DREAM of Death!



HAND ON HIS GUN BUTT, SHERIFF WADE LARSON MOVED FORWARD... SLOWLY... TENSELY... STALKING A KILLER...

**T**HE DUSTY STREET WAS STILL, CHOKING IN A CLOUD OF TERROR AND FEAR! THE HOT WIND WHISPERED OF GUN SMOKE... OF TWO MEN SWORN TO SHOOT EACH OTHER... ON SIGHT! ONE HEARTSTOPPING INSTANT... AND A MAN MAY BE KILLED... BUT NOT BY GUNFIRE! BY A DREAM...

## A DREAM OF DEATH!

I BEEN WAITIN' FER THIS! ALL THEM OTHER VARMINTS... THEY WAS EASY! THIS IS THE BIG ONE...

John BELFI

**M**OST OUTLAWS RODE CLEAR OF THE SHERIFF... FOR THE FIGHTING LAWMAN HAD GUNNED THE TEXAS TERRITORY CLEAN! HE HIT HARD AND FAST... WITH IRON FISTS AND A LIGHTNING SIX-SHOOTER! YES, HE HAD FOUGHT MANY DESPERADOES... LIKE THESE...

YUH GOT TUH SAVVY **HOW** TUH THROW ONE O' THOSE STICKERS, BUCKO!

RECKON YORE KIND O' SLOW ON THE DRAW, PODNER!

GET OUTA TOWN, HOMBRE... AN' STAY OUT!





**BUT THIS WAS THE BIG ONE, THE LARAMIE KID, FROM OUT WYOMING WAY... WHO HAD A REPUTATION OF HIS OWN!**



THE LARAMIE KID'S IN TOWN, STRANGER!  
I AIM TUH LOCK UP... AN'  
LAY LOW!

TH... THE  
LARAMIE  
KID!

REACH!  
GIT THEM  
PAWS UP...  
PRONTO!

I'M TAKIN'  
YUH IN, LARAMIE...  
AAAH!

GOLD DUST  
BAR

**EVEN IN DISTANT TEXAS, SHERIFF LARSON HAD HEARD OF HIM...**

HEAR TELL 'BOUT  
THAT LARAMIE  
KID, SHERIFF?  
MIGHTY FAST SHOT,  
THEY SAY... A REAL  
UGLY MAVERICK!

WE SLAUGHTER  
THAT KIND O'  
MAVERICK 'ROUND  
HERE, JEB!  
LARAMIE'S ONE  
DEAD OUTLAW  
THE DAY HE RIDES  
INTUH MY  
TERRITORY!



**THE GRAPEVINE FLASHED... FROM TEXAS TO WYOMING! AND SOON...**

THE LARAMIE KID'S HEADIN' THIS WAY...  
AN' HE'S OUT TUH GET THE SHERIFF!

MUH DINERO'S ON SHERIFF WADE!  
THAT BIG WYOMIN' GRIZZLY'LL  
THINK HE WUZ BUSHWHACKED  
BY A WILDCAT!



THE LARAMIE KID'S  
COMIN' TUH TOWN,  
SHERIFF, AN' HE'S  
PACKIN' PLENTY  
O' LEATHER!

HE'S RIDIN' A  
LONG WAYS,  
PODNER, JUST  
TUH EAT LEAD!



**AND THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED THAT THE SHERIFF NOW MOVED FORWARD SLOWLY... STALKING THE KILLER KNOWN AS THE LARAMIE KID!**

WADE'LL CUT THAT  
MAN-MOUNTAIN DOWN  
TUH HUMAN SIZE! HE'S  
GOT THE FASTEST DRAW  
I EVER SEEN!

WE NEVER SEEN THE  
LARAMIE KID, JASPER  
... RECKON IT WON'T  
BE LONG NOW!



BY THUNDER... THE  
SHERIFF'S STUMBLIN'  
AN' STAGGERIN' LIKE  
A MAN IN A NIGHTMARE!

HE SAID... NIGHT-  
MARE! HE... CAN'T  
KNOW ABOUT THOSE  
AWFUL NIGHTMARES  
I'VE BEEN HAVIN'!





**YES... NIGHTMARES!** THE AWFUL DREAM VISIONS THAT HAD TORTURED THE SHERIFF DURING RECENT WEEKS! THEY ALWAYS BEGAN THE SAME WAY WITH THE SHERIFF STALK-

HERE'S ONE LAWMAN THAT'S CALLIN' YUH! DRAW, BLAST YUH... **DRAW!**

ING SOME GIANT, DEADLY OUTLAW...



BLAZES, THE VARMINT'S GONE! I'M SHOOTIN' AT THIN AIR!

OVER HERE, SHERIFF LARSON... OVER HERE!

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

**IN HIS NIGHTMARE, THE SHERIFF WHIRLED---**

YUH AIN'T READY TUH FIGHT A FULL GROWN HOMBRE! FIRST... RECKON YUH KIN HANDLE **ME??**

YUH? YUH LITTLE UNDERSIZED RAT---



YUH AIN'T EVEN A RAT--- YUH'RE A FIELD MOUSE! A SQUEAKIN', MEWLIN' FIELD MOUSE--- **HAW-HAW-HAW!**

I'LL KILL YUH FER THAT!



NICKED ME! THE LITTLE RUNT---

I'LL DO THE LAUGHIN' NOW... AFORE I **FINISH YUH!**



**HAW-HAW-HAW!**

YUH AIN'T GONNA PIN **ME** AGAINST THE WALL, LITTLE MAN! YUH SLIMY SNAKE---



I OUGHTA RIP THE POISON FANGS OUTA YUH!

I'M GONNA **KILL YUH, SHERIFF!** **NOTHIN'** CAN SAVE YUH! FINISH ME, AN' I'LL COME BACK FROM MUH **GRAVE** TUH GET YUH!









**F**ACE TO FACE WITH A SHRUNKEN, MALEVOLENT SPIRIT, SOME MEN MIGHT CURL UP IN FEAR... SURRENDER TO THE GHOSTLY NIGHTMARE! BUT SHERIFF LARSON WAS A MAN OF ACTION...

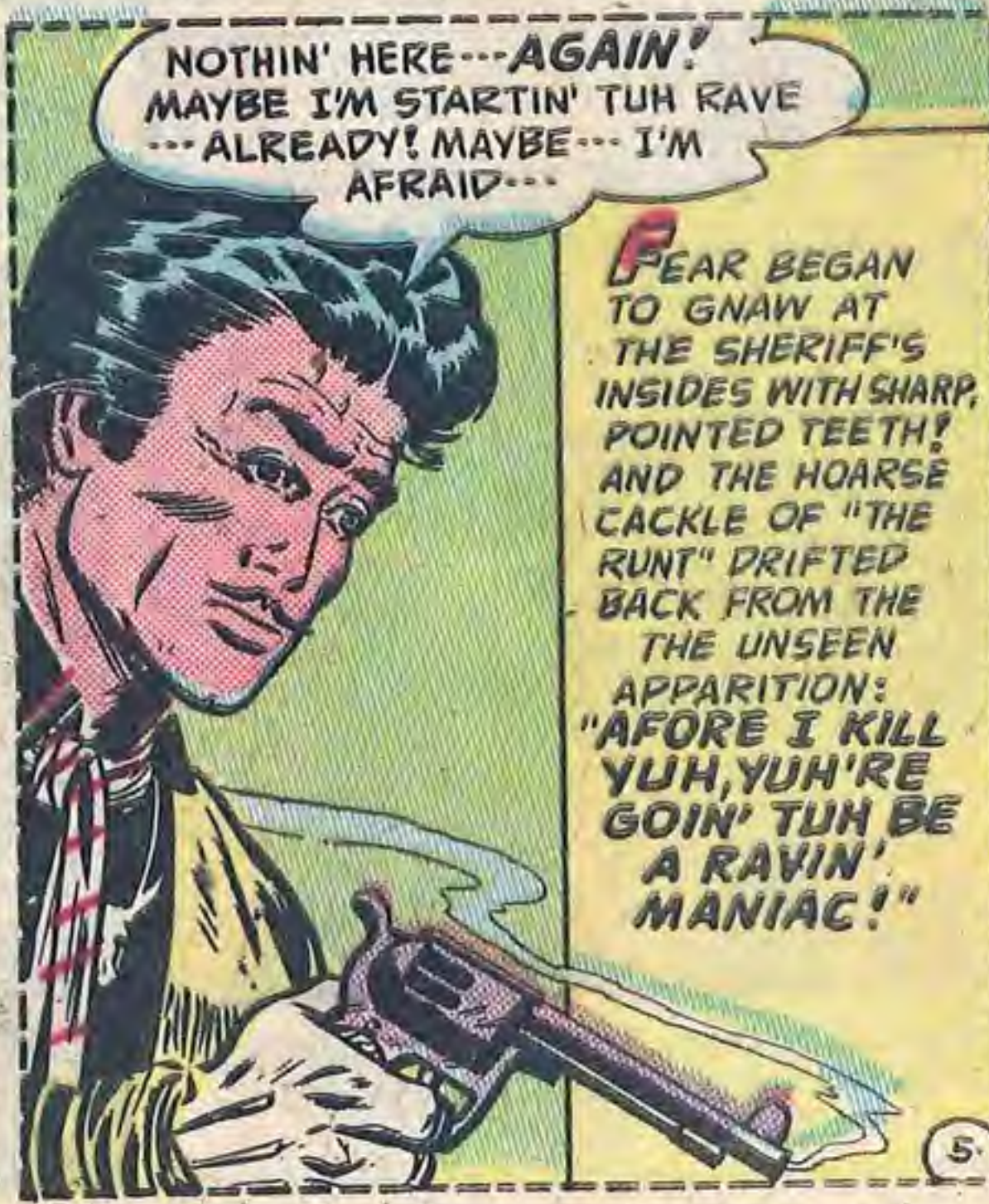


**B**UT HOW CAN A MAN FIGHT IT OUT WITH A FIGURE... A SHAPE... THAT DISAPPEARS INTO THIN AIR??



**A** SPIRIT, BOLDLY AND RUTHLESSLY SWORN TO KILL, FIRST THE SOUL, THEN THE BODY OF A MAN! BUT FIRST, THE SOUL...

**W**AS IT IMAGINATION... OR THE MERCILESS SPIRIT OF A THING NO LONGER HUMAN... OR NEVER HUMAN...?





THE SHERIFF WAS A BRAVE MAN, YET MORE AND MORE FEAR GRIPPED HIM! DAY AFTER DAY, EXHAUSTION TORE AT HIS WILL TO LIVE...

I CAN'T SLEEP...CAIN'T EAT...  
CAIN'T EVEN FIRE A SIX-GUN  
ANYMORE! WHOA, BRONC...  
HOLD IT! IT'S HIM...THE  
RUNT!

HOWDY, SHERIFF  
...RIDIN' MUH  
WAY??

THINK YUH'RE STILL  
MAN ENOUGH TUH  
CATCH UP WITH  
ME?

NO HOSS IN  
THESE PARTS  
KIN OUTRUN MUH  
BRONC! IT'S  
MUH CHANCE  
TUH RIDE 'IM  
DOWN!

PURSUING A GHOST HORSE, THE  
SHERIFF RODE MADLY...GAINING  
SWIFTLY AS "THE RUNT" TOOK TO  
THE HILLS...A STEEP, TREACHER-  
OUS MOUNTAIN TRAIL...

GOT TUH PUT A BULLET  
IN HIM THIS TIME...OR  
I'M DONE FER!

ROUNDING A SHARP,  
ROCKY TURN...

Wahoo...HE'S CAUGHT  
AGAINST DEAD END  
CLIFF...UP AGAINST  
THAT ROCK WALL!  
HE'S CORNERED!

CORNERED,  
SHERIFF?  
'PEARS  
LIKE YUH'RE  
MIGHTY  
SHORE O'  
YOURSELF,  
SUDDEN-LIKE...  
MIGHTY  
SHORE...

THAT ROCK...HE'S MOVIN'  
IT...ROLLIN' IT DOWN...  
ON ME!

HAW-  
HAW-  
HAW!

IT'S GOIN' TUH HIT  
ME... HIT ME...

BAM!

...THE SHOUT OF A MAN FALLING  
THROUGH SPACE TO THE ROCKS  
BELOW! A MAN KILLED BY FEAR  
...AND AN APPARITION!

YES...THESE WERE THE NIGHT-  
MARES THAT HAD TORTURED WADE LARSON!  
AND JUST AN HOUR AGO, HE HAD BEEN  
AWAKENED BY...

NO! I DON'T  
WANT TO DIE!  
WHAT...WHERE...?  
IT WAS ANOTHER  
NIGHTMARE...JUST  
A DREAM!

SHERIFF...IT'S  
ME, CLIFF! THE  
LARAMIE  
KID'S IN  
TOWN...GUNNIN'  
FER YUH!

THE SHERIFF'S SCREAM WAS THE CRY  
OF A FRIGHTENED MORTAL FACING  
CERTAIN DEATH...



**AND SO...BACK IN THE LIGHT OF DAY...SHERIFF WADE LARSON STALKED A KILLER DOWN A DUSTY STREET!...AND THAT WAS WHY HE STAGGERED SLIGHTLY...AS AFTER A NIGHTMARE OF HORROR...**

THAT...THAT WAS JUST A NIGHTMARE!...IT'S PAST! GOT TUH GUN DOWN THIS WYOMIN' GRIZZLY...THE LARAMIE KID...**NOW!** HE'LL BE A RELIEF...AFTER THAT MURDERIN' **RUNT** I BEEN DREAMIN' ABOUT!



**AND THEN IT WAS AS THOUGH THE HORROR OF THE NIGHTMARE STILL GRIPPED THE SHERIFF! HE STAGGERED BACK IN AMAZEMENT...TERROR...**

NO! NO! IT CAIN'T BE! NOT YUH! NOT YUH!



**FROM THE SHADOWS, EMERGED THE FIGURE OF THAT FABLED "GIANT" THE LARAMIE KID...**

SHORE IT'S ME...**THE LARAMIE KID!** YUH READY TUH DIE? DRAW, SHERIFF...**DRAW!**



**DID YOU EVER SEE A NIGHTMARE BECOME A LIVING REALITY...AN APPARITION THAT HAUNTED YOUR DREAMS BECOME A SNARLING, FLESH-AND-BLOOD FIGURE? THE SHERIFF WAS A BRAVE MAN...BUT IN EVERY MAN THERE'S A BREAKING POINT! HE BACKED AWAY...**

IT...IT'S **THE RUNT!** THE LITTLE RAT WHO **MURDERED ME**...IN MUH DREAM! GOT TUH VAMOOSE...PRONTO...WHILE I KIN STAY ALIVE!

HUH? THE SHERIFF'S TURNIN' TAIL...CUTTIN' AN' RUNNIN'!



HE SHOWED YELLOW IN FRONT O' THAT LITTLE RAT...I CAIN'T BELIEVE IT!

AIN'T YUH FORGOT SOMETHIN' HOMBRE? THAT'S THE **LARAMIE KID!**



**PANIC LED THE SHERIFF A CLATTERING CHASE, AND THE LARAMIE KID PURSUED! THEY RODE FOR HIGH GROUND...ALONG A ROCKY TRAIL, WINDING UP TO THE TOP OF A CLIFF...A TRAIL SUDDENLY FAMILIAR TO THE SHERIFF!**

THE BRAVE SHERIFF LARSON...MAKIN' ME CATCH 'IM AFORE I KIN KILL 'IM! **HAW-HAW-HAW!**

I'LL LOSE HIM UP IN THESE HILLS...WAIT! THIS IS **THAT TRAIL**...I'M GOING OVER...NO! **HELP!**



**THE SHERIFF'S SCREAM WAS THE CRY OF A MAN FALLING THROUGH SPACE, STRUCK DUMB BY THE FINAL FEAR...IN HIS BRAIN, A VISION OF THE ROCKS BELOW!**

**HAW-HAW-HAW!**



...OR...BY THE UNKNOWN...BY A TERRIBLE, TWISTED NIGHTMARE...A DREAM OF **Death!**



# The ZILG SPY

THE ZILG stretched out a slimy tentacle to focus the port scanner of his spaceship, pressed the third eye of his middle head against the nucleonic lens, and gazed contemptuously down at the planet called Earth. The moment he saw the puny, one-headed, four-limb-creatures walking in the streets of the town below him, and examined the primitive buildings they lived in and the clumsy vehicles they traveled in, he knew that they would not be able to resist an invasion by the mighty Zilgs from the world of Tarv.

Through long-range telepathy, the Zilg searched the mind of one of the Earth-creatures, found that they called themselves "men"...and that they were a million years behind the Zilgs in technological science. Why, they had just stumbled on the secret of atomic energy... hadn't even tapped the vastly more powerful energies of cosmic rays and gravitic forces! Conquering them would be mere child's play!

But to make sure that these men would be suitable slaves for the Zilgs, he had to go down among them, seize a specimen of their species, and transform himself into an exact duplicate of that specimen, so that he might walk around in their world and examine them at close range. The Zilg picked out a likely-looking town...it was called Ossining, New York...and looked around for a specimen who would belong to the elite or higher class. Ah, there below him was an exclusive part of the town...it even had a wall around it, probably to keep out the rabble. The name on the wall indicated that the residents were singers...perhaps singers were honored and worshiped in this world! Yes, one of the residents, in striped clothes, was even now forcing a dark-uniformed slave to open the gates...and other slaves were falling

down prostrate in reverence as the singer waved a small flashing object at them.

The Zilg made his choice quickly...he would much rather imitate this singer than one of those slaves who grovelled in the dust. And as an elite singer, he would be safe from harm...and would be certain to return to Tarv with his report on the planet. If he *didn't* return from Earth, of course, his Zilg superiors would believe that he had perished at the hands of the Earth-beings, and that they were far more powerful than Zilgs... who would stay far away from Earth in the future.

But he was wasting time with such idle reverie. The Zilg's tentacle pressed the stud of the grappling beam, aimed it down at the singer who was now running from the walled enclosure and a moment later, the earthman in striped clothing was inside the Zilg spaceship! Dead, of course...but the Zilg didn't need a live specimen. Thrusting the creature into one half of the duplicating chamber, the Zilg then entered the other half, stepped out looking exactly like a "man"... right down to the singer's striped clothing.

Ten minutes later, the Zilg was walking down the main street of the town, smiling contemptuously at the other humans who fled in terror from him. These singers must indeed be held in great awe, the Zilg thought. Ah, here came some more of those dark-uniformed slaves... soon they would be grovelling and bowing in the dust at his feet. But first they were apparently saluting him with a strange metal object...

*Rat-atat-tat!*

As the bullets tore into him, the Zilg uttered a piercing scream...and the Sing-Sing guards looked on in horror as, before their eyes, the body of the escaped convict whom they had slain vanished... leaving a dead thing of horror behind.





SOMETIMES, WHEN THE WIND WAILS  
AFTER THE FLEEING MOON, AND  
THE NIGHT HUGGLES DEEP IN ITS  
MOURNING CLOAK, YOU'LL HEAR A  
STRANGE, MEASURED TREAD IN  
THE DARKNESS ---AND YOU'LL  
KNOW THAT THE **UNDEAD** ARE  
ABROAD ON A GRISLY QUEST!  
SOMEWHERE IN THE MOONLIGHT  
THERE'S A NEWLY-DUG GRAVE  
---AND THERE A WHITE-CLAD  
FORM WILL RISE---ITS LIFE-  
LESS WILL ENSLAVED BY  
**THE ZOMBIE  
SUMMONS!**

LATE ONE NIGHT---WHILE THE LIVING SLEEP, AND  
THE DEAD PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF DAWN---



NOCTAM IS RIGHT---  
THERE IS ONE OF  
**US** ABROAD  
TONIGHT!

THE **UNDEAD** NEVER  
WALK ALONE---WE MUST  
TAKE HER WITH US!







COME WITH US  
---NOCTAM IS  
WAITING!

I HEAR  
VOICES ---  
VOICES FAR  
AWAY---



THEY---LED TOWARD THE SHADOWS  
BY LIFELESS HANDS---

OHH!



GOOD HEAVENS!  
THOSE BLANK,  
HORRIBLE EYES  
---THEY'RE NOT  
HUMAN!

WARM---AND  
BREATHING! THE  
CURSE OF  
LIFE IS  
STILL UPON  
HER!



I'VE BEEN SLEEPWALKING  
AGAIN---AND **THIS** TIME IT'S  
BROUGHT ME TO THE VERY  
HORROR I'VE WANTED TO  
**AVOID!**



I THOUGHT I WAS RESIGNED,  
WHEN I RENTED THIS LITTLE  
HOUSE TO BE ALONE WITH MY  
THOUGHTS---KNOWING THAT IN-  
CURABLE HEART TROUBLE GIVES  
ME JUST A LITTLE TIME TO LIVE!  
BUT MY SLEEPWALKING SHOWS  
I'M **AFRAID** --- I'M TRYING TO  
RUN AWAY FROM DEATH---AND  
TONIGHT IT'S LED ME TO  
SOMETHING FAR MORE  
HIDEOUS!



IT ISN'T THAT I MIND THE WAITING  
---I **EXPECTED** THAT! BUT IT  
WOULD BE SO MUCH EASIER TO  
DIE IF I COULD FEEL IN MY  
LAST MOMENT, THAT I HAD  
HELPED THE LIVING!

Dear Miss Vaughan:  
We enclose a trial sketch of  
the tombstone you ordered.  
ACE MONUMENT CO.

CLAIRE  
VAUGHAN  
Born 1925  
Died



**AT THAT MOMENT---THE ZOMBIES REACH  
THEIR GRIM RETREAT!**





SPEAK! WHERE IS THE REST-  
LESS CORPSE I SENT YOU  
TO GET?

NOCTAM KNOWS  
WHEN THE DEAD RISE  
---NOCTAM KNOWS  
WHERE THEY WALK---BUT  
THIS ONE HAS YET TO  
DIE!



SHE IS NEAR ENOUGH TO DEATH FOR ME TO CLAIM!  
YOU ARE THE ONE WHOSE SPIRIT RESISTED ME  
MOST IN YOUR FINAL HOUR---AND WHO MOST  
RESEMBLE THE LIVING! GO FOR HER AT THE  
NEXT MOONRISE---AND I WILL DO  
THE REST!

CLAIRE VAUGHAN...  
SHE WILL BE  
SUMMONED,  
NOCTAM!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT---

IT'S A HIDEOUS FEELING---BUT  
AS MUCH AS I FEAR DEATH,  
I'M EVEN MORE AFRAID TO FALL  
ASLEEP! I COULDN'T HAVE MET  
THOSE CREATURES LAST NIGHT  
BY ACCIDENT---  
THEY WERE  
**LOOKING**  
FOR ME!



A MOON LIKE THAT  
**MEANS** SOMETHING  
TO MOST PEOPLE...  
BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER  
---I'VE BEEN LONELY  
ALL MY LIFE---AND I'LL  
BE LONELIER THAN  
EVER WHEN **DEATH**  
COMES!



AS A SLOW, MEASURED PACE THUDS  
FROM THE GLOOM---

HEAVENS! FOR A MOMENT, I  
THOUGHT IT WAS ONE OF  
THOSE HIDEOUS CREATURES  
---BUT IT'S JUST  
A MAN AFFLICTED  
LIKE MYSELF---A  
**SLEEPWALKER!**



I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT HE  
MUSTN'T BE AWAKENED ABRUPTLY!  
I'LL LEAD THE POOR CHAP INSIDE  
---AND GIVE HIM A  
CHANCE TO GET  
HIS BEARINGS!



A MOMENT LATER---

THERE'S A COLD, CLAMMY FEELING ALL  
AROUND ME---BUT IT CAN'T BE **HIM!**  
IT'S MY HEART---I'M **HAVING**  
**ANOTHER ATTACK!**





OH!



THANK GOODNESS YOU AWAKENED IN TIME TO CATCH ME! PROMISE YOU WON'T LEAVE ME FOR AWHILE! I'M AFRAID TO BE ALONE---I **NEED** YOU!



**AS** CLAIRE'S CONSCIOUSNESS FADES LIKE THE EBBING OF DARK WATER---

NOCTAM COMMANDED ME TO BRING HER TO HIM---AND I HAVE NEVER DISOBEYED!

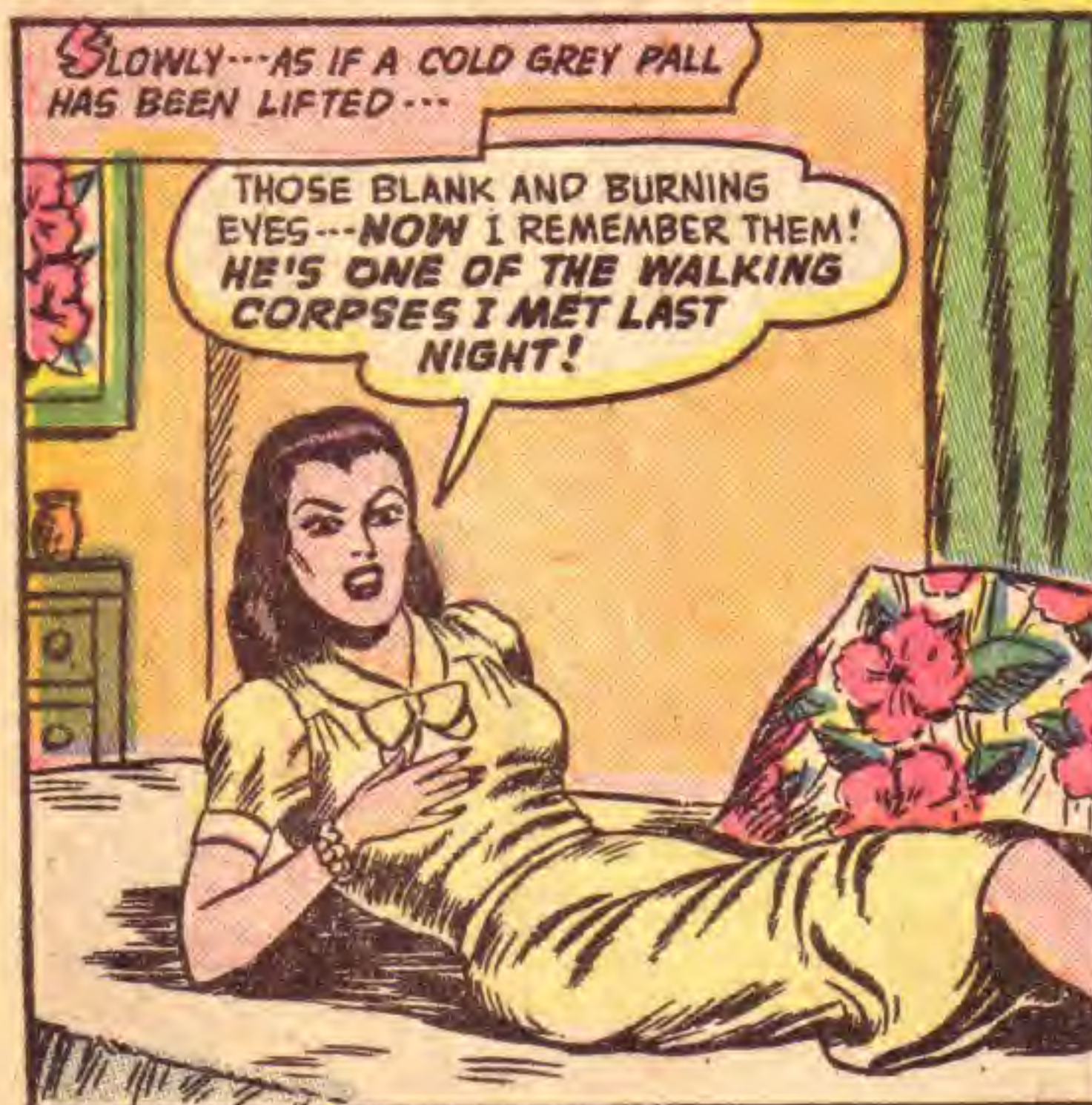


BUT **SHE** TRUSTED ME--- SHE SAID SHE **NEEDED** ME---SHE SAW ME AS I USED TO BE! NO, I CANNOT SUMMON HER TO NOCTAM---**NOT WHILE SHE LIVES!**



**Then**---TURNING TOWARD THE WELCOME GLOOM---

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I WAITED FOR DEATH---AND LONGED FOR THE SIGHT OF A HUMAN SHADOW! SOON ENOUGH SHE WILL PROWL WITH THE UNDEAD FOREVER--- BUT **NOCTAM MUST WAIT!**



**S**LOWLY---AS IF A COLD GREY PALL HAS BEEN LIFTED---

THOSE BLANK AND BURNING EYES---**NOW** I REMEMBER THEM! HE'S ONE OF THE WALKING CORPSES I MET LAST NIGHT!



HE'S GONE--- BUT SUPPOSE IT DIDN'T **REALLY** HAPPEN? CAN I TRUST MY OWN MIND---WHEN IT'S BURDENED NIGHT AND DAY WITH THOUGHTS OF **DEATH?**





IT'S PRETTY USELESS TO SEE DR. COOPER AT THE HOSPITAL AT **THIS** STAGE...BUT IT MAY HELP TO TELL HIM ABOUT MY SLEEP-WALKING...AND THESE **HORRIBLE VISIONS OF THINGS THAT AREN'T ALIVE!**



**Next day...**

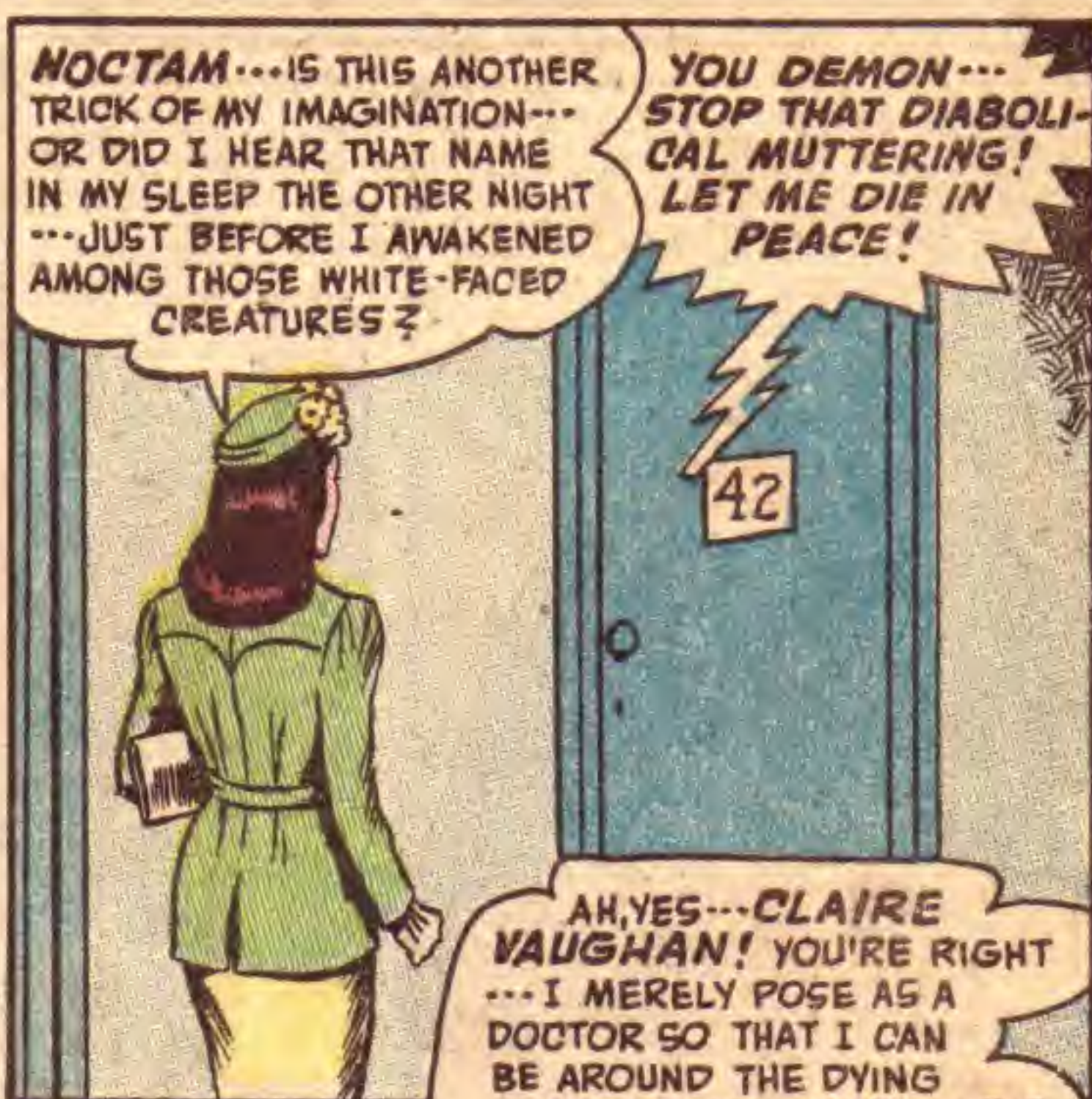
I REALLY CAN'T WAIT ANOTHER NIGHT BEFORE SEEING DR. COOPER! DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG THIS EMERGENCY CASE WILL TAKE?

THERE'S NO TELLING, MISS VAUGHAN...BUT IF IT'S **THAT** IMPORTANT, WHY DON'T YOU CONSULT DR. NOCTAM?



DR. NOCTAM?

YES...A NEW ADDITION TO OUR STAFF! HE'S BUSY IN ROOM 42 AT THE MOMENT...BUT SINCE I'M AFRAID THERE'S NO HOPE FOR THE PATIENT, YOU PROBABLY WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG!



NOCTAM...IS THIS ANOTHER TRICK OF MY IMAGINATION...OR DID I HEAR THAT NAME IN MY SLEEP THE OTHER NIGHT...JUST BEFORE I AWAKENED AMONG THOSE WHITE-FACED CREATURES?

**YOU DEMON... STOP THAT DIABOLICAL MUTTERING! LET ME DIE IN PEACE!**

AH, YES...**CLAIRE VAUGHAN!** YOU'RE RIGHT...I MERELY POSE AS A DOCTOR SO THAT I CAN BE AROUND THE DYING...AND RECITE THE **ZOMBIE SUMMONS** AS THEY DRAW THEIR LAST BREATH!



**AS** CLAIRE SLIP SILENTLY IN...

LIMBS WITHOUT LIFE...HEART WITHOUT BEAT! YOUR CORPSE WILL RISE WHEN THE ZOMBIES MEET!

**ZOMBIES!**

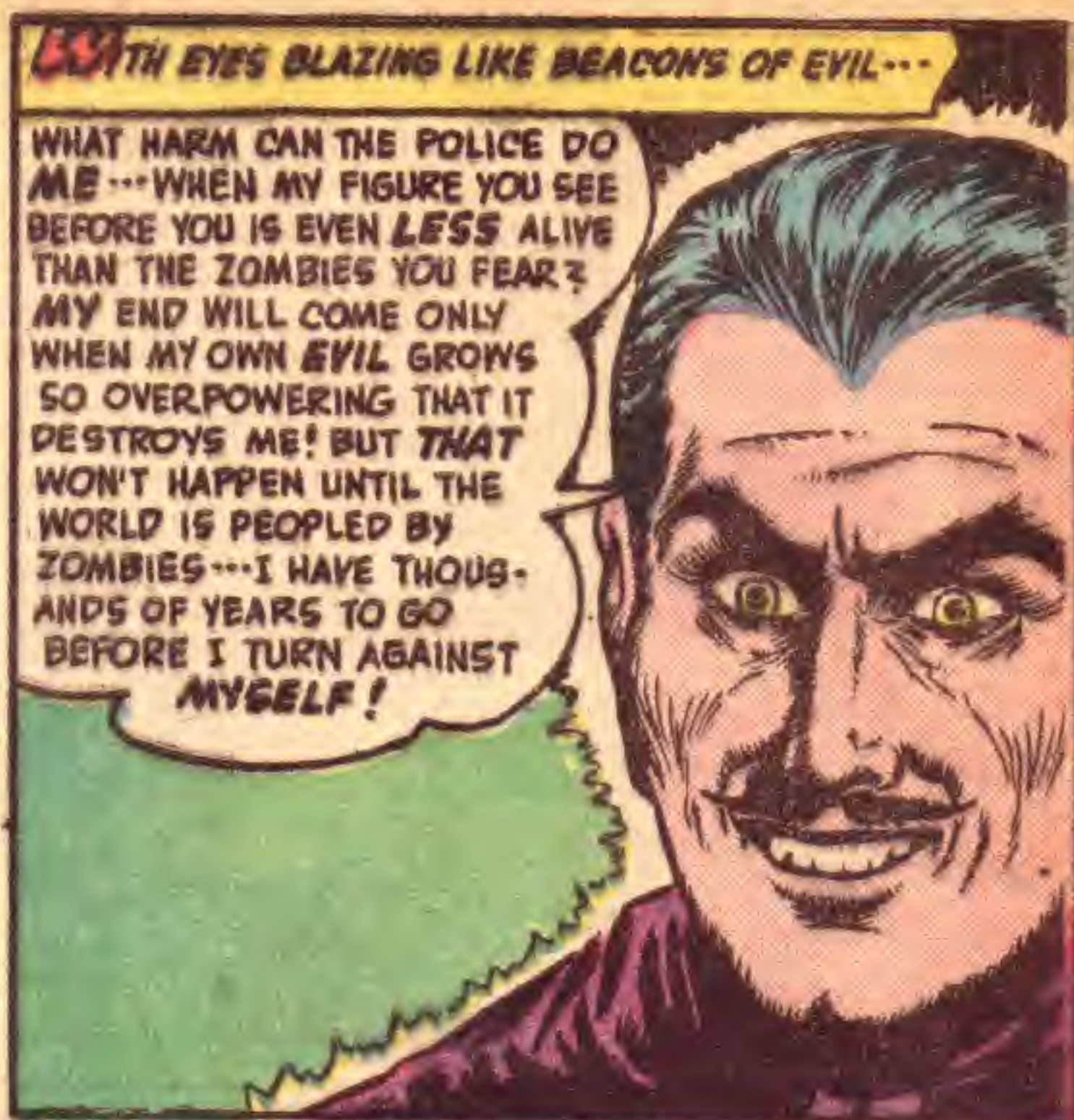


YOU LISTENED, EH? WHO ARE YOU?

SOMEONE WITH EVERY **RIGHT** TO LISTEN! YOU'RE NO DOCTOR... YOU'RE A FIEND WHO WAITS FOR DEATH... INCLUDING **MINE!**

















# Tell me a GHOST STORY

## THE PHANTOM PIRATE

**W**ANT A FORTUNE IN JEWELS AND GOLDEN DOUBLOONS, READER? WELL, THERE'S ONE WAITING FOR YOU IN LITTLE-KNOWN BUCCANEER'S COVE IN THE DRY TORTUGAS, THE OLD PIRATE HIDEAWAY IN THE CARIBBEAN! BUT BEFORE YOU PACK YOUR GEAR AND SET SAIL, YOU'D BETTER READ THIS ACCOUNT OF WHAT DANGERS MAY AWAIT YOU... DANGERS WHICH HAVE ALREADY KILLED OTHER FORTUNE-HUNTERS WHO HAVE DARED TO BRAVE THE WRATH OF THE PHANTOM PIRATE!



**I**T ALL STARTED WHEN THE FAMOUS ONE-EYED PIRATE, CAPTAIN JACK BALLEYRE, SACKED A SPANISH GALLEON AND DECIDED TO BURY THE LOOT WITH THE HELP OF HIS TRUSTED MATE, ALONZO GORDAY, ON THE BEACH OF BUCCANEER'S COVE!

ONLY YOU AND I, ALONZO, WILL KNOW THE HIDING PLACE OF THE TREASURE! COME... LET'S BURY THE CHEST!

THE CHEST ISN'T THE ONLY THING I'LL BE BURYIN', CAP'N!



**ARGH!**



GORDAY... YOU'LL NEVER POSSESS THAT TREASURE... **NOBODY** WILL! WITH MY... DYING BREATH... I PLACE A **CURSE**... ON THAT CHEST! FROM OUT OF... THE GRAVE... I'LL STRIKE DOWN... THE MAN WHO TRIES... TO STEAL IT...!

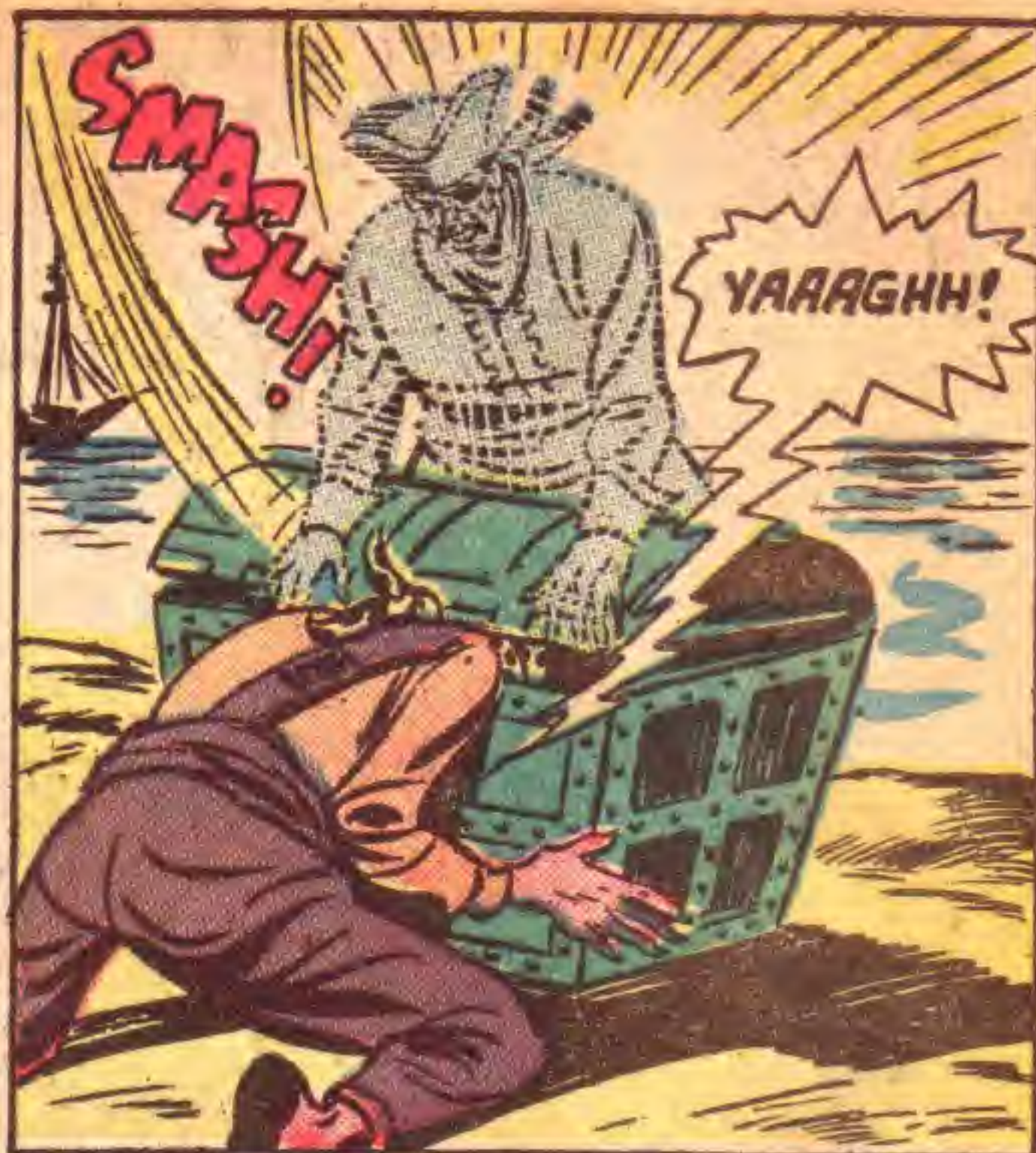
**HAN**... CURSE ALL YE WANT... A DEAD MAN CAN'T HURT ME!







IT'S MINE NOW--  
ALL MINE---A  
KING'S RANSOM  
IN GOLD AND  
GEMS!



SMASH!

YAAAGHH!



WHEN THE SAILORS FINALLY CAME ASHORE TO  
FIND OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THEIR CAPTAIN AND  
MATE---

BURY THIS CHEST  
HERE--- OR I'LL SMITE  
DOWN EVERY MAN JACK O'  
YE! THEN SET SAIL FROM THESE  
ISLANDS, NEVER TO RETURN!  
AND WHEREVER YE GO, TELL ALL  
MEN TO KEEP AWAY FROM  
THE TREASURE O'  
CAPTAIN JACK  
BALLEYRE!

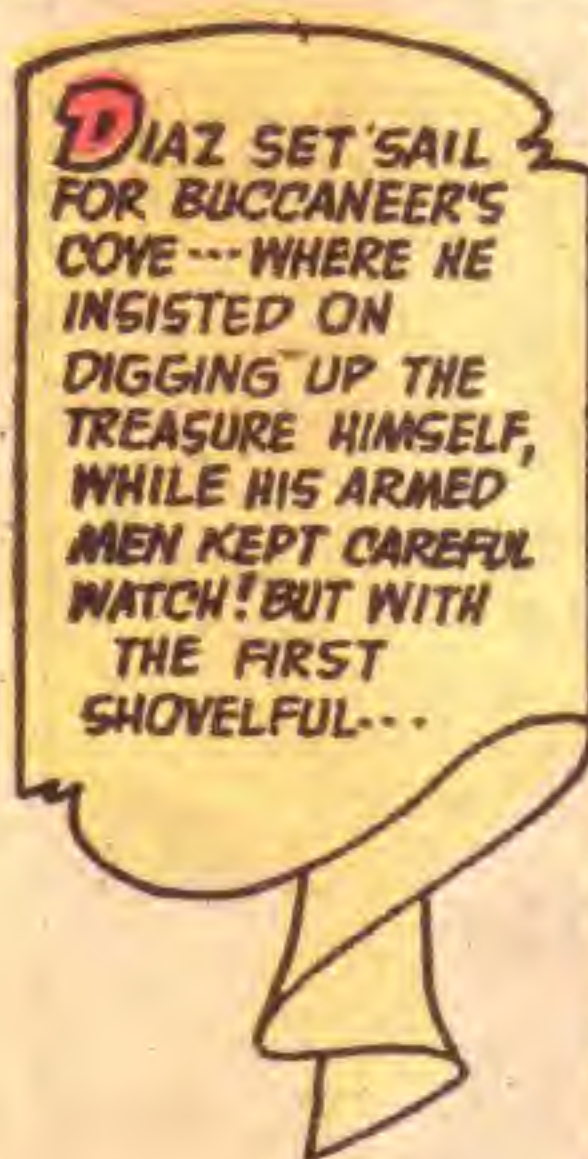
CAP'N---WE---  
WE'LL DO AS  
YE SAY!



THE TALE SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE THROUGH THE  
ISLANDS OF THE CARIBBEAN! THOSE WHO KNEW  
THE POWER OF A DYING MAN'S CURSE BELIEVED  
THE STORY! BUT AMONG THE DOUBTERS WAS ONE  
MANUEL DIAZ, A SPANISH NAVAL CAPTAIN---

BUT I TELL YE, I SAW IT  
WITH ME OWN EYES! IT  
WAS THE GHOST OF CAP'N  
JACK BALLEYRE, SURE  
AS I'M SITTIN' HERE!

BAW---EES NO  
SUCH THEENG AS  
GHOST! I SHALL  
DEEG UP THAT  
PIRATE TREASURE!



DIAZ SET SAIL  
FOR BUCCANEER'S  
COVE--- WHERE HE  
INSISTED ON  
DIGGING UP THE  
TREASURE HIMSELF,  
WHILE HIS ARMED  
MEN KEPT CAREFUL  
WATCH! BUT WITH  
THE FIRST  
SHOVELFUL---



POR DIOS  
---A SWORD!



AYE---  
MY  
SWORD!

EYOW!

FLEE---  
TO THE  
SHIP!



**IT** WAS MORE THAN A CENTURY LATER BEFORE ANYONE DARED RISK THE PHANTOM PIRATE'S WRATH AGAIN! BUT FINALLY, IN AUGUST, 1897, A PRUSSIAN FORTUNE-HUNTER BY THE NAME OF VON STURMHARDT GOT WIND OF THE TREASURE ...AND THIS TIME, IT SEEMED THAT THE CURSE WASN'T WORKING!

CARRY DER TREASURE CAREFULLY TO DER BOAT ...VE VILL ALL BE RICH!



**B**UT OFFSHORE...

LOOK...A ...A HAND!



The CHEST SANK...THE SAILORS SWAM IN TERROR TO THEIR SHIP ...BUT VON STURMHARDT MET HIS END!



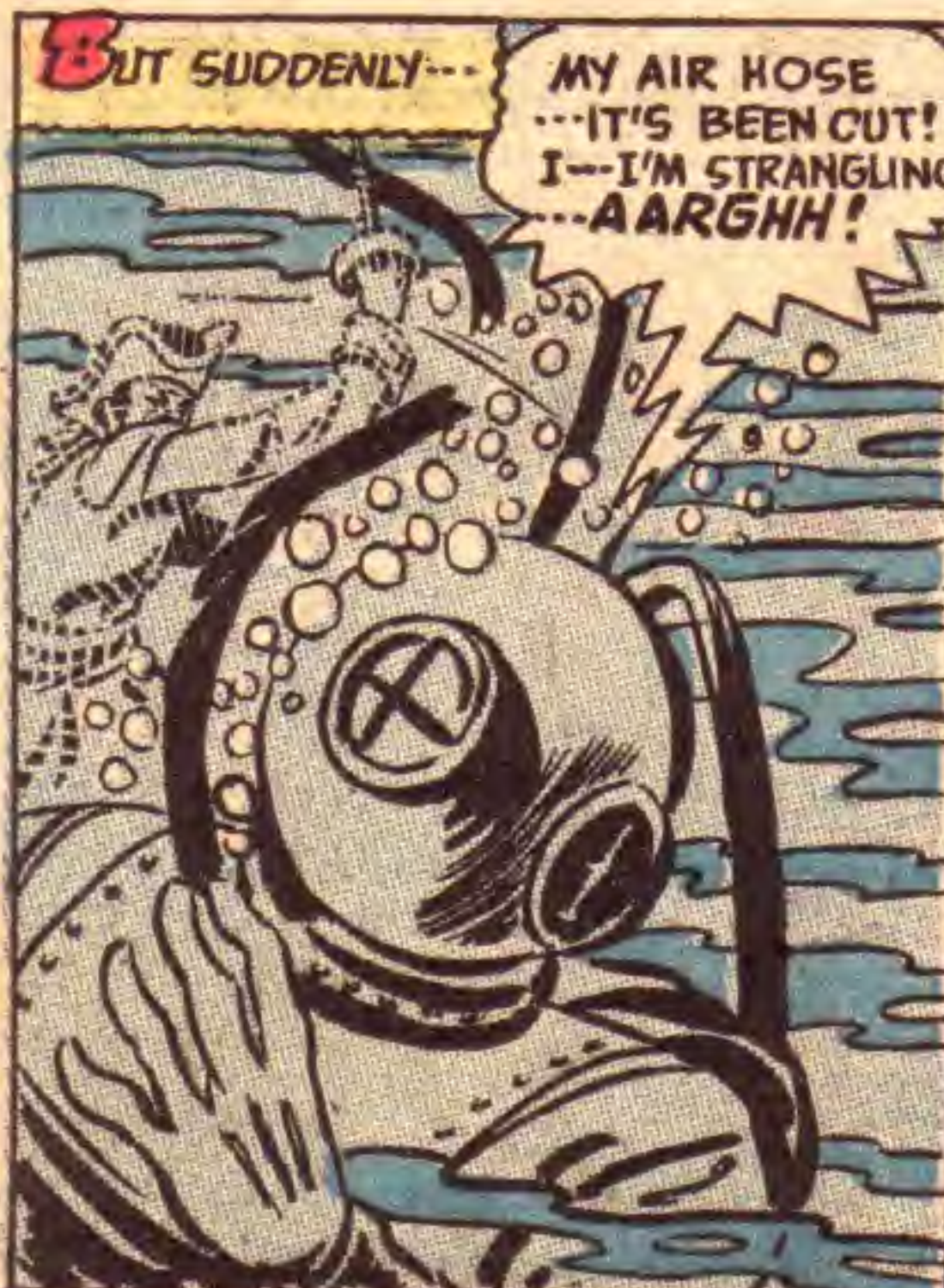
**I**N THE 1900'S, COUNTLESS DIVERS DESCENDED TO SEARCH FOR THE TREASURE OFF BUCCANEER'S COVE! BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL 1937 THAT AN ENTERPRISING NAVY DIVER BY THE NAME OF HUGH WILCOX FINALLY HIT THE JACK-POT...AND JACK BALLEYRE!

THIS IS IT... I'VE FOUND IT!



**B**UT SUDDENLY...

MY AIR HOSE ...IT'S BEEN CUT! I--I'M STRANGLING ...AARGHH!



**Y**ES, THERE IT STILL LIES, READER...ON THE OCEAN FLOOR OFF BUCCANEER'S COVE! BUT EVEN THE NATIVES OF THE REGION WOULD BE TOO TERRIFIED TO TELL YOU WHERE THE COVE IS, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO HUNT IT OUT ALL ON YOUR OWN! AND IF YOU DO FIND THE TREASURE-CHEST, WATCH OUT FOR THE PHANTOM PIRATE!



The END!





**H**ELLO AGAIN, all you "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" fans! We've missed you since last month, and could hardly wait for another of those friendly, straight-from-the-shoulder discussions we've gotten to look forward to so much. There's something about kindred interests which draw folks together...and in this case, it's a mutual interest in the weird, the unexplained, the *supernatural*, which brings us into close communion in the pages of this, your magazine!

We've been hard at work since last we talked things over. And we think our work's paid off, too...in one of the most challenging and captivating issues we've ever published. Heading it is "*The Halls of Horror*"...a chillingly fantastic feature destined to live long in your memory. Then there's "*The Undying Brain*"...something new...something dif-

ferent! "*Dream of Death*" should bring plenty of reader reaction, and many a gasp. "*The Zombie Summons*" packs a truly supernatural punch...and "*Spookbuster's Doom*" pits phony mediums against true delvers into the *Unknown*...with staggering results! Add these to our customary special features...and the result spells spectral fireworks!

Please, readers...won't you let us know what you think of our efforts? Moreover, we want your opinion on "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" since we heeded your overwhelming demand to turn it into a monthly magazine. Remember, it's only through your letters that we can determine what you like...and what you don't like! And now it's time for us to step aside for a moment, and give the stage over to a few of our fans, who'll make themselves heard through the letters *they've* sent in. Here goes!

"Dear Editor:-

Since the first time I picked up a copy of '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' at my local newsstand, I've never failed to buy every issue you've published. It's tops with me and all of my friends! We all think it's *wonderful*! My cousin just read it today and liked it better than any other on the stands, and everybody agrees. We found '*The Boy Who Cried Wolf*' a very interesting story, and '*Vampire's Castle*' was wonderful. Ditto for '*Spirit of Frankenstein*', '*Civic Spirit*' and quite a few others. I've never been more interested in *any* magazine, and yours is too good to be true! I could sure write a book on how much I like your wonderful '*Adventures Into The Unknown*'. A steady reader and always will be...

...Rosalie Sutton, Cairo, N.Y."

"Dear Editor:-

'*Adventures Into The Unknown*' is one of my favorites. I like stories of vampires and werewolves, and hope you will have many stories about them in the future. A story about Frankenstein's Monster would be one I'd like, too. Meanwhile, keep up the good work!

...Joe Melochick, Wilkes-Barre, Pa."

"Dear Editor:-

I'd like to tell you I think your magazine is *swell*! I don't like gory or sensational stories, but those in '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' aren't in that class. They're thrilling, but sensible...as if they could really happen.

...Barbara Ross, Morton Grove, Ill."

"Dear Editor:-

I've read all the issues of '*Adventures Into The Unknown*', and think they are splendid. I enjoy them to the fullest extent, and have brothers and friends who also read them and think they're swell. Thank you for a great magazine!

...Mrs. R. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo."



# UNCANNY MYSTERIES

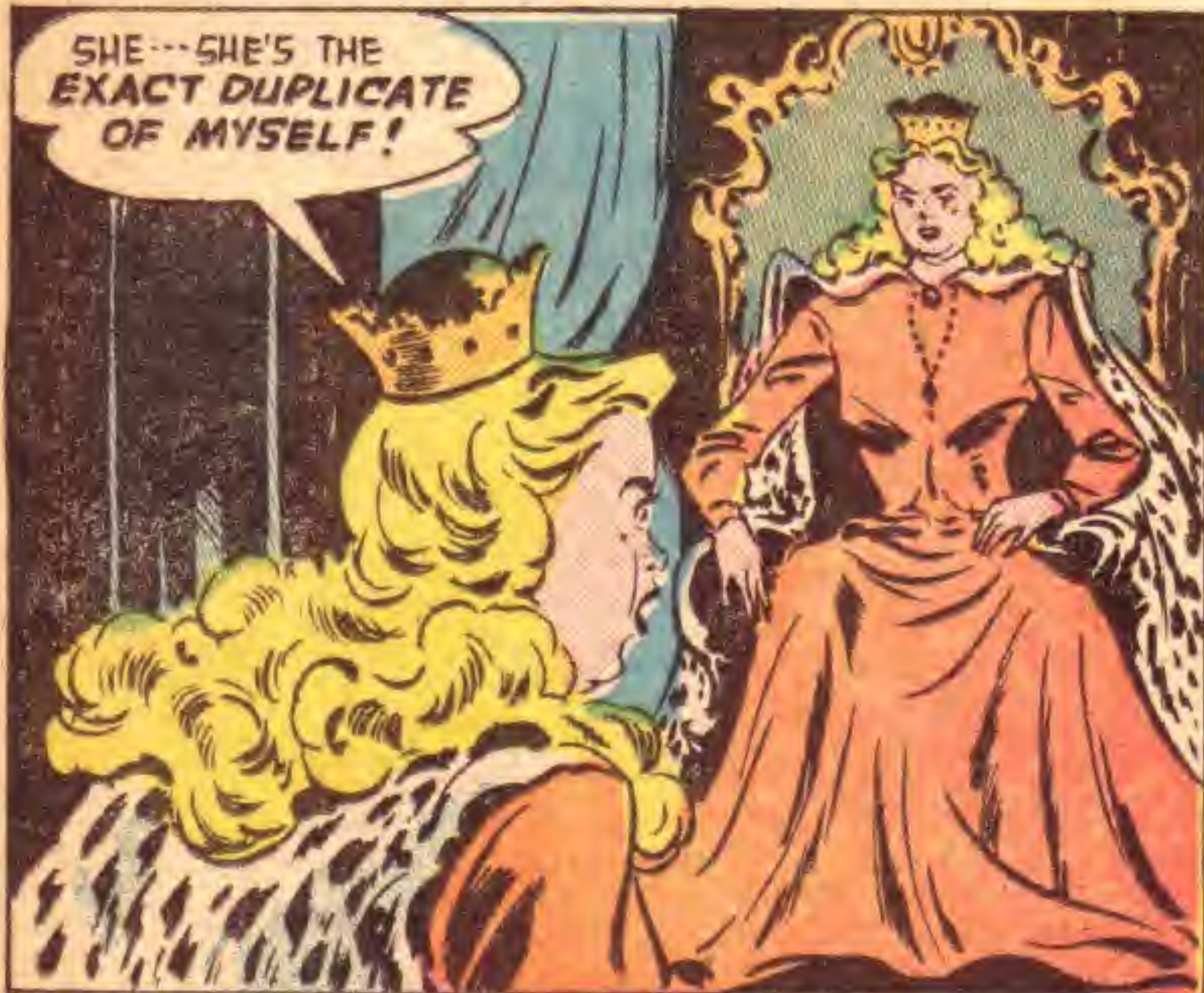
## "THE ROYAL WRAITH"

THE MOST UNCANNY WRAITH OF HISTORY APPEARED ONE DAY TO CZARINA CATHERINE THE GREAT, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, AS SHE ENTERED THE THRONE-ROOM...

HOLD... WHO IS THE USURPER WHO HAS DARED TO SIT UPON MY THRONE?



SHE... SHE'S THE EXACT DUPLICATE OF MYSELF!



BUT IT CANNOT BE... IT MUST BE SOMEONE WHO HAS DARED TO DISGUISE HERSELF AS ME! GUARDS... ADVANCE AND FIRE ON THE IMPOSTOR!



LOOK... IT... IT DISAPPEARS!



YES, THE ROYAL WRAITH HAD DISAPPEARED... BUT THE NEXT DAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1796, CATHERINE THE GREAT WAS DEAD OF A STROKE... AND HER ROYAL PHYSICIANS TRIED TO HUSH UP THE FACT THAT THEY HAD FOUND STRANGE MARKS, RESEMBLING THE SCARS OF A RIFLE VOLLEY, ON HER BODY!





# THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and **CHEER** for a  
ONCE - IN - A -  
LIFETIME  
COMICS MAGAZINE!

## BLAZING WEST

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-  
MINUTE WESTERN COMIC  
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



You'll GASP AT  
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-  
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS  
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE  
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED  
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...  
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,  
FAST-RIDING COWBOY  
HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've NEVER read a  
western like this...  
it's an action-packed  
killer-diller! So...

*don't miss*

## BLAZING WEST!



10¢ ON ALL  
STANDS



# SPOOK-BUSTER'S DOOM

**T**AKE A GHOST-BREAKER WHO REVELS IN EXPOSING SPOOKS AND EXPLODING SUPERNATURAL MYTHS... ADD A GORGEOUS GREEK SORCERESS AND A MIGHTY MYTHOLOGICAL BEAST... AND YOU'VE GOT A STORY THAT'S TOPS IN EERIE CHILLS! HERE IT IS... **SPOOK-BUSTER'S DOOM!**



**I**N A MURKY, INCENSE-FILLED ROOM IN THE NATIVE QUARTER OF CAIRO, EGYPT...

**MAHARUL NEM SHALUUR! COME, O SPIRIT OF THE NETHERWORLD... APPEAR AND WALK THE EARTH ONCE MORE!**



**S**UDDENLY...

**BEHOLD, MRS. COURTNEY... BEHOLD THE SPIRIT OF YOUR LONG-LOST DAUGHTER, WHOM I HAVE SUMMONED UP FROM THE DEAD!**

**MARCIA... MARCIA, DARLING!**











PLEASE, ED...SHE **ISN'T** A PHONEY! WHY, I ACTUALLY **SEE** HARRY'S SPIRIT! DEIDAMEIA SENDS HER CENTAUR SPIRIT GUIDE TO BRING HARRY'S SPIRIT INTO HER SEANCE-CHAMBER ---AND THE CENTAUR **DOES!** IT...IT'S ALL I HAVE NOW---I'VE **GOT** TO SEE HIM EVERY DAY ---I'VE **GOT** TO!

ALL RIGHT, BESS ---I'LL WRITE OUT ANOTHER CHECK!



**LATER...** THERE'S THE SOLUTION TO MY PROBLEM! I'LL SEND AN URGENT WIRE TO FINDLEY ---HE'S KNOWN TO TAKE ON **ANY** SPIRIT-BUSTING CASE!



SEND THIS CABLE TO MR. EDWARD WHITTIER, HOTEL THESSALY, ATHENS!...**"DELIGHTED TO EXPOSE DEIDAMEIA AND HER CENTAUR SPIRIT GUIDE. ARRANGE TO HAVE US ACCOMPANY YOUR SISTER TO TOMORROW'S SEANCE... AM FLYING TO ATHENS IN MORNING!"** SIGNED ---OTIS FINDLEY!"



**NEXT DAY...** THIS CASE REALLY **INTERESTS** ME! DEIDAMEIA, YOU KNOW, IS THE NAME OF THE MYTHOLOGICAL GREEK NYMPH WHO WAS CARRIED OFF BY THE CENTAURS---THOSE LEGENDARY BEASTS WHO WERE HALF HORSE, HALF MAN! THIS PHONEY MEDIUM IS APPARENTLY USING THAT LEGEND TO GIVE HERSELF A MYSTICAL AIR...AND I'M GOING TO **ENJOY** EXPOSING HER!

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU DECIDED TO HELP ME, MR. FINDLEY... DEIDAMEIA HAS WHITTLED MY BANKROLL DOWN TO A THOUSAND BUCKS!



**AND SO...**

I DON'T KNOW HOW DEIDAMEIA IS GOING TO LIKE MY BRINGING YOU TWO MEN TO TODAY'S SEANCE! I WAS AFRAID TO TELL HER---

JUST TELL HER I'M A FRIEND WHO'S A BELIEVER IN THE SPIRIT WORLD...AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES IS SHE TO KNOW MY **REAL** NAME!



DEIDAMEIA, I'VE BROUGHT SOME GUESTS---

YES, **UNBELIEVING** GUESTS! BUT IT DOES NOT MATTER! I WELCOME THE CHANCE TO PROVE MY SUPER-NATURAL POWERS... ESPECIALLY TO SUCH A SKEPTIC AS **OTIS FINDLEY!**





COME...  
PREPARE  
FOR THE  
SEANCE!

HOW DID SHE  
KNOW YOUR NAME?  
MAYBE SHE **DOES**  
HAVE SUPERNATURAL  
POWERS!

NONSENSE...SHE  
PROBABLY RECOGNIZED  
ME FROM PUBLISHED  
PICTURES!



**LINK HANDS...AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES  
MOLEST THE SPIRITS I SUMMON UP! THAT  
WAY LIES DEADLY PERIL!**

HAH...I KNOW  
THE **REAL** REASON  
WHY SHE DOESN'T  
WANT HER FAKE  
SPIRITS MOLESTED!



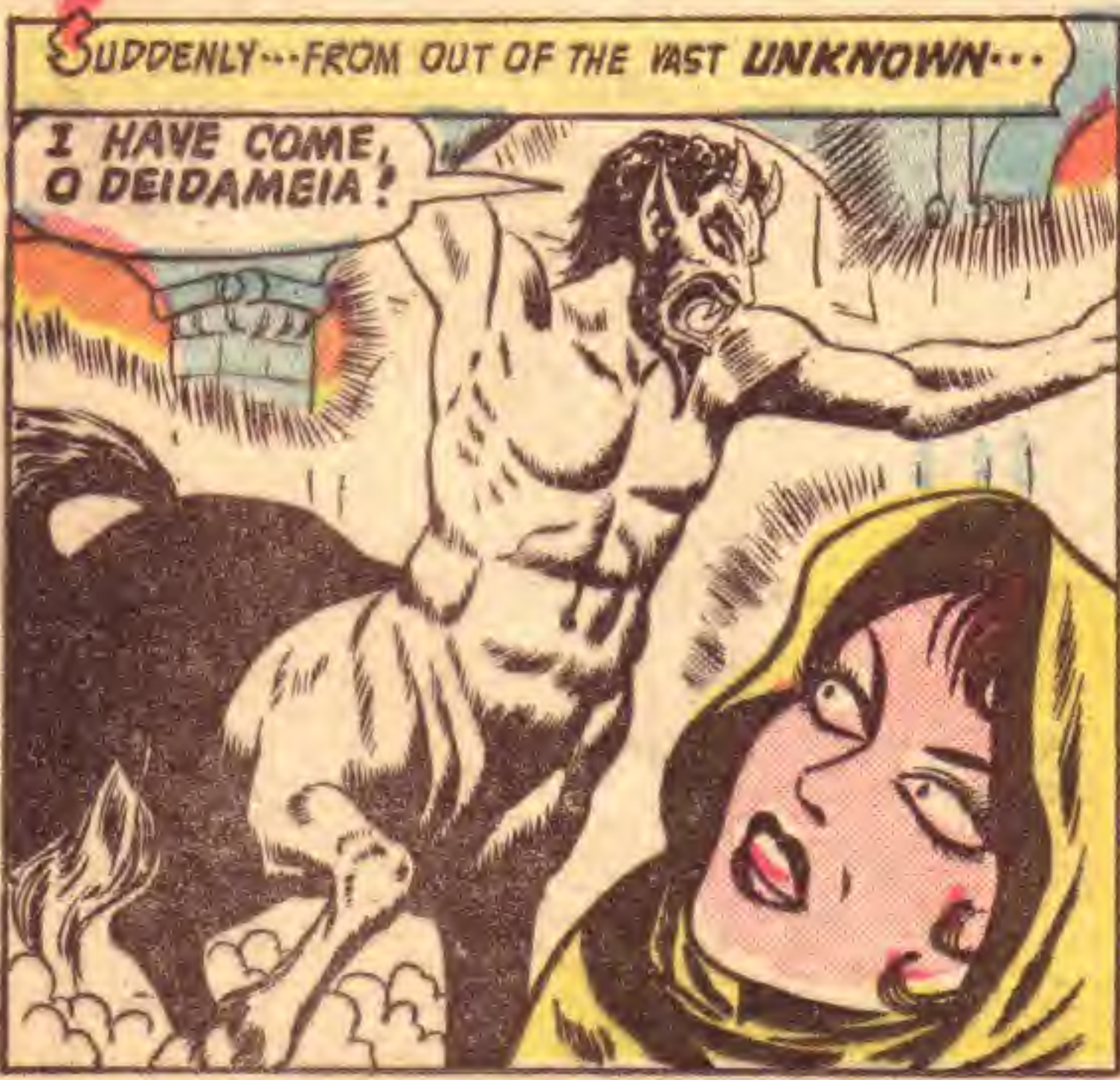
**COME, O MIGHTY CHEIRON! COME, O CENTAUR  
SPIRIT-GUIDE WHO KNOWEST ALL THE SPIRITS THAT  
DWELL IN THE NETHERWORLD! OBEY THE VOICE OF  
DEIDAMEIA!**



I HEAR THE  
THUNDER OF THY  
MIGHTY HOOVES,  
O CHEIRON!  
**COME...  
COME...!**

THAT...THAT  
GHOSTLY  
LIGHT...AND  
THE SOUND  
OF GALLOP-  
ING...

TYPICAL TRICKS! SHE  
PROBABLY STEPPED  
ON A FLOOR BUTTON,  
AND STARTED A RECORD-  
ING OF GALLOPING  
HORSES...AND TURNED  
ON INVISIBLE INFRA-  
RED LIGHTS WHICH  
MAKE PHOSPHORE-  
SCENT OBJECTS  
GLOW!



**SUDDENLY...FROM OUT OF THE VAST UNKNOWN...**

**I HAVE COME,  
O DEIDAMEIA!**



FINDLEY, IS  
ALL THIS REALLY  
**HAPPENING?**

THAT CENTAUR IS EITHER  
A FILM PROJECTION OR A  
COSTUMED MAN! I COULD  
EXPOSE THE FRAUD RIGHT  
NOW...BUT I'LL WAIT UN-  
TIL I SEE WHAT **ELSE**  
SHE HAS IN HER BAG  
OF TRICKS!





JOURNEY TO THE SPIRIT WORLD, O ALL-POWERFUL CHEIRON, AND RETURN WITH THE SPIRIT OF HARRY TOWNSEND--- HUSBAND OF HER WHO SITS BESIDE ME!

MANY TIMES HAVE I BROUGHT HIM HERE! BUT THY BIDDING SHALL BE DONE!



WITHIN A SPLIT SECOND---

HARRY...MY HARRY!



THAT---THAT LOOKS LIKE HARRY--- MAYBE ALL THIS IS GENUINE!

DON'T BE CHILDISH--- DEIDAMEIA PROBABLY PERSUADED YOUR SISTER TO GIVE HER HARRY'S PICTURE---AND A GOOD MAKE-UP ARTIST DID ALL THE REST! I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU --- I THINK IT'S TIME I WENT INTO ACTION!



HALT! THERE IS EVIL IN THIS ROOM---EVIL AND DISBELIEF! KEEP BACK, MORTAL---IT IS FORBIDDEN TO MOLEST VISITORS FROM THE NETHER- WORLD!

VISITORS FROM THE NETHERWORLD, MY FOOT! I AIM TO END THIS LITTLE MASQUERADE PARTY!



BACK, MORTAL --- BACK! IF YOU INSIST ON SUCH FOLLY, WE MUST RETURN TO THE SPIRIT WORLD!

OH--HARRY IS VANISHING!

YEAH, I'D BETTER TACKLE THAT CENTAUR BEFORE HE PULLS A FAST DISAPPEARING ACT, TOO!



GOT YOU!

FOR THIS --- YOU DIE!







# UNCANNY MYSTERIES

## The CURSE of JACKSONBORO

JACKSONBORO, GEORGIA, USED TO BE A THRIVING, BUSTLING COUNTY SEAT, ONE OF THE ROUGHEST AND MOST BOISTEROUS TOWNS IN THE SOUTH... UNTIL AN UNCANNY, REVENGEFUL CURSE TURNED IT INTO A GHOST TOWN! IT ALL STARTED BACK IN 1830, WHEN A LITTLE HUNCHBACKED, ITINERANT EVANGELIST NAMED LORENZO DOW DRIFTED INTO JACKSONBORO, AND WAS APPALLED AT THE GREED AND EVIL HE FOUND THERE...



REPENT, YE SINNERS  
...HALT YOUR EVIL  
WAYS AND REPENT!



HAW-HAW-HAW!  
C'MON... LET'S CHASE  
THE LOONEY OUT O'  
TOWN!

THE LITTLE MAN WAS NOT ALLOWED TO PREACH, BUT WAS FORCED TO FLEE FROM HIS TORMENTORS... AND HE FOUND NO REST UNTIL A GOOD MAN, SEABORN GOODALL, GAVE HIM SANCTUARY IN HIS HOME!



PSST... PREACHER  
...COME IN HERE,  
QUICKLY!

BUT FIRED BY HIS BURNING, SELF-APPOINTED MISSION TO REFORM THE CITIZENS OF JACKSONBORO, THE EVANGELIST STRODE FORTH TO MEET HIS TORMENTORS ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING... AND THIS TIME, WAS FORCED TO FLEE FOR HIS LIFE!



THE MOB HALTED AT RUSTIC BRIDGE, WHICH WAS BEYOND THE TOWN LIMITS... AND THERE, SCORNFUL OF THEIR THREATS, DOW SYMBOLICALLY SHOOK THE EVIL DUST OF JACKSONBORO FROM HIS FEET!



IF YUH EVER COME  
BACK ACROSS  
RUSTIC BRIDGE  
... WE'LL KILL  
YUH!

SLOWLY, EYES BLAZING WITH SOME STRANGE, INNER FIRE, THE MYSTICAL PREACHER TURNED TO FACE THE MOB...

HEAR ME, YE RABBLE... LISTEN TO MY CURSE! A GREATER POWER THAN YE KNOW WILL SOON BRING SWIFT VENGEANCE AND STRIKE YE DOWN WITH FIRE AND FLOOD... AND YOUR EVIL TOWN WILL BE VISITED BY THE SAME FATE THAT ONCE OVERTOOK SODOM... GOMORRAH-AND BURN'T THEM TO THE GROUND!





**HOOTS OF LAUGHTER AND JEERS OF DERISION FOLLOWED LORENZO DOW OUT OF JACKSONBORO --- BUT THE JEERS SOON TURNED TO FEAR WHEN SUDDENLY, FOR NO TANGIBLE REASON, FIRES BROKE OUT AND SWEEPED THROUGH THE TOWN!**



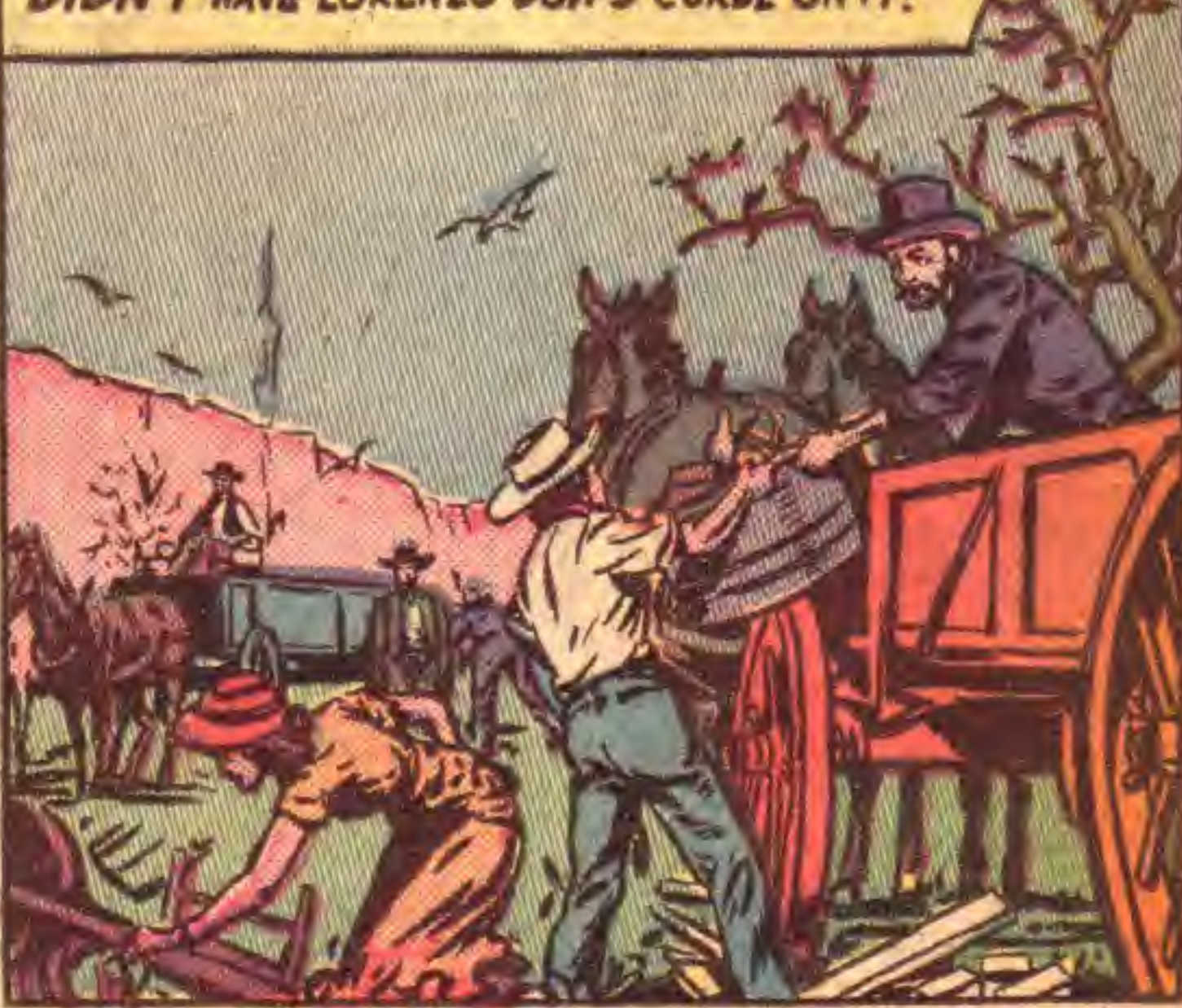
**THEN, MYSTERIOUS WINDSTORMS SPRANG UP AND TORE THE ROOFS OFF THE FEW REMAINING HOUSES IN TOWN!**



**EVEN THE PLACID CREEK THAT SNAKED THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THE TOWN SUDDENLY BECAME WILD AND UNRULY --- AND SWEEPED AWAY HOMES AND POSSESSIONS IN AN UNACCOUNTABLE FLASH FLOOD!**



**THE FLOOD WAS THE LAST STRAW, AND THE TOWNSPEOPLE WHO HAD STUBBORNLY REMAINED FINALLY GAVE UP AND MOVED THEIR COUNTY SEAT TO SYLVANIA --- WHICH DIDN'T HAVE LORENZO DOW'S CURSE ON IT!**



**FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS, JACKSONBORO REMAINED A DESERTED GHOST TOWN --- AND THEN, WHEN GENERAL SHERMAN PASSED THROUGH IN HIS FAMOUS MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA, THE TOWN WAS ENTIRELY DESTROYED BY FIRE!**



**ENTIRELY, THAT IS, EXCEPT FOR ONE HOUSE --- THE HOME OF SEABORN GOODALL, THE MAN WHO ONCE BEFRIENDED A BURNING-EYED LITTLE EVANGELIST!**





THE SHOW'S ON,  
GANG!

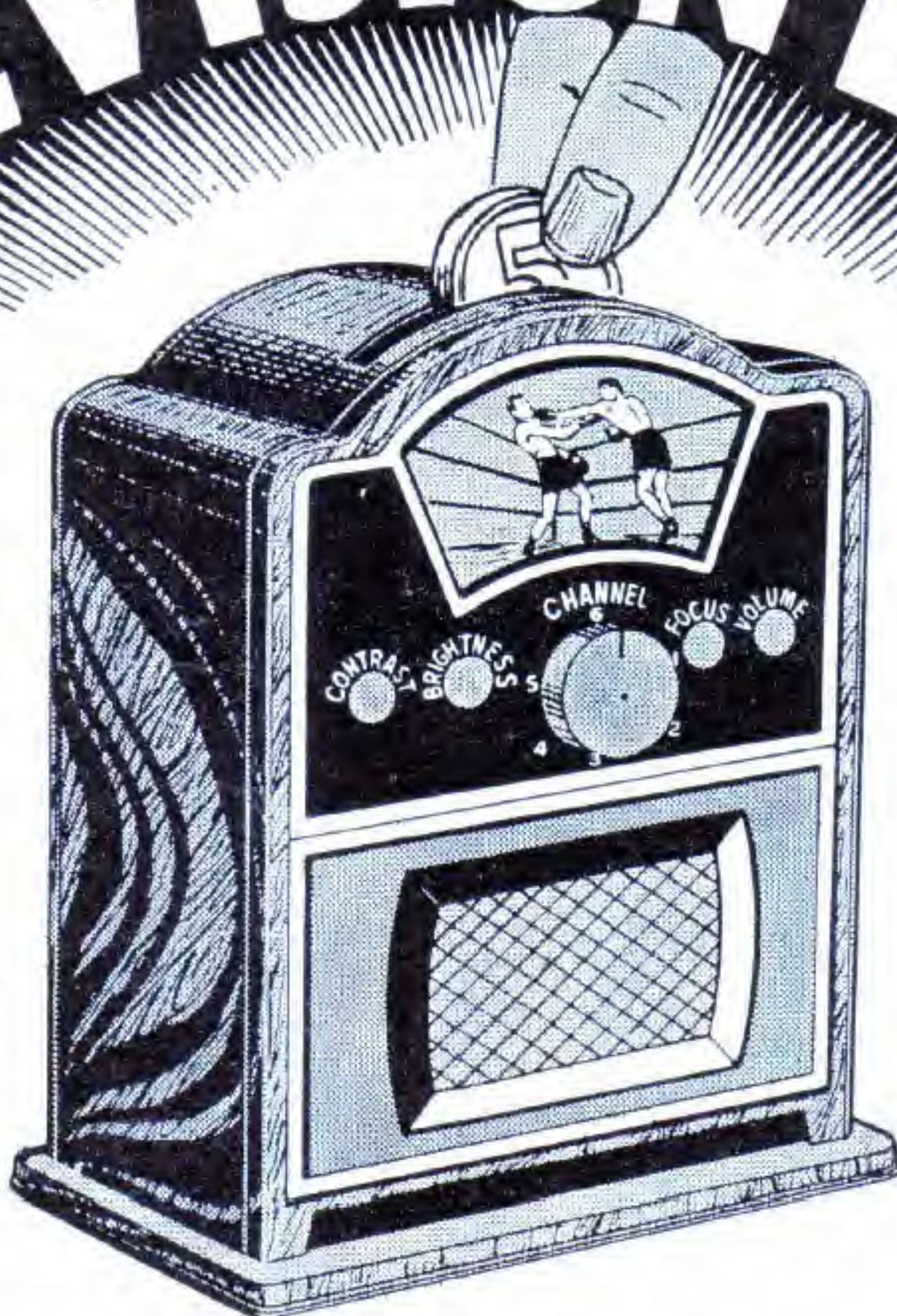
# New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific!

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Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midger wonder!

**LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN!** Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

**AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!** Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!** When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

**PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY" — AND FAST!** Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

**IT'S A HONEY — IN EVERY DETAIL!** You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 3/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU**, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL  
SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY! NEW TELEVISION BANK!**

**SEAGEE CO., Dept. 3IBC**  
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

- ☐ Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Plainly)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

- ☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

### NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. 3IBC New York 2, N. Y.



# FUN ORDER TODAY! FOR ALL!

*Jimmy Durante*  
**PUNCHING**

**HONK-O-BAG**

- Punch his nose and hear him honk!
- Made of sturdy vinylite plastic!
- Stands over 2 feet tall!

America's most beloved comedian comes to life for you—Jimmy Durante inflates to over 2 feet of joy—Punch his "shnoz" and he honks! What fun for you and all the gang! An ideal tackling dummy, sparring partner. Perfect as an exerciser—indoors or out. Jimmy rolls around, bounces up and down, bringing joy and making people laugh wherever he goes! Once you blow him up—he just doesn't go down! Send for yours now!

SEND NO MONEY. Remit with order, we pay postage. C.O.D. plus postage. Money Back in 5 days if not completely satisfied.

"EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET IN THE ACT"



only \$2.98

NEW! SENSATIONAL! AMAZING! 22 pc. COMPLETE NURSING SET  
**NURS-A-DOLLY**

- She drinks, She wets!
- Washable Rubber Wonderskin!
- 22 pc. complete—dolly, nursing kit!



Imagine Only \$3.98 Complete

To thrill the heart of every little mother—this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY! Cuddly rubber doll drinks, and wets her diaper... comes with complete feeding equipment—21 sturdy pieces including sterilizer rack, nipple jar and kettle, formula measuring cup, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples ready to use! Made of soft, life-like WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, move her arms and legs. SEND NO MONEY! C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage!



RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

## NU-BORN TWINS



ONLY \$3.98 EACH

WHICH ONE SHALL WE SEND YOU!

- OVER 18 INCHES TALL!
  - LIFELIKE RUBBER WONDERSKIN!
  - CRIES—COOS!
  - REMOVABLE LAYETTE!
- Amazingly lifelike new-born twin dolls to melt every "little mother's" heart. Pat them, spank them, cuddle them—they coo—they cry. Hours and hours of play thrills. Over 18 inches high, with almost human washable arms, legs, and head of rubber WONDERSKIN. Baby-soft pink skin, bright blue eyes—closest thing to actual infant. Easily removable nightie and diaper combination for "quick changes." Adorably wrapped in wooly bunting with a ribbon tie for showing off in the "carriage parade." SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage, — Remit with order, we pay postage.)



- They light up and shine!
- They're real sun glasses!

Imagine only \$1.98 COMPLETE

Young and old alike will have great fun with the WILLIE WOLF GLASSES—real sun glasses that light up when you press the concealed long-life battery! Every girl will notice you when you're wearing the WILLIE WOLF GLASSES!

Don't whistle any more to show your appreciation of the fair damsels—just wear your WILLIE WOLF GLASSES—press the hidden battery—and the light flickers on and off! You'll amaze and mystify your friends!

SEND NO MONEY. Remit with order, we pay postage. C.O.D. Plus Postage. Money back in 5 days if not completely satisfied!

FREE! WITH EVERY BANK 1/2 lb. TIN PEANUTS  
**PEANUT BANK**



- 7 1/2" HIGH!
- HOLDS PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES!
- DOUBLE LOCK AND KEY!

Exciting saving bank serves peanuts while you save pennies, nickels, dimes! Comes with top hat, dashing monicle, a 1/2 pound vacuum can of delicious roasted peanuts, double lock and key. Drop in a coin and flip back the ear—out pops a generous amount of peanuts. Made of sturdy, durable plastic, MR. PEANUT VENDER-BANK is ideal to start the kiddies saving (holds upwards of \$20 in coins.) Wonderful for parties, entertaining, family fun. Easy to refill. SEND NO MONEY (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

IMAGINE ONLY \$2.98 COMPLETE

SEND COUPON!

**NOVELTY MART, Dept. 142A**  
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:  
Enclosed find: ☐ Check on M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jimmy Durante \$2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> Nu-Born Twins \$7.96                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nurs-A-Dolly \$3.98  | <input type="checkbox"/> Adrian \$3.98; <input type="checkbox"/> Sue \$3.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Peanut Bank \$2.98   | <input type="checkbox"/> Willie Wolf Glasses \$1.98                         |

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

NOVELTY MART 59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N.Y.





A  
Bucket Head  
Scan

## **ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN #18**

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**COVERPRICE 10¢, 52 PAGES**

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